WORLD SOCCER

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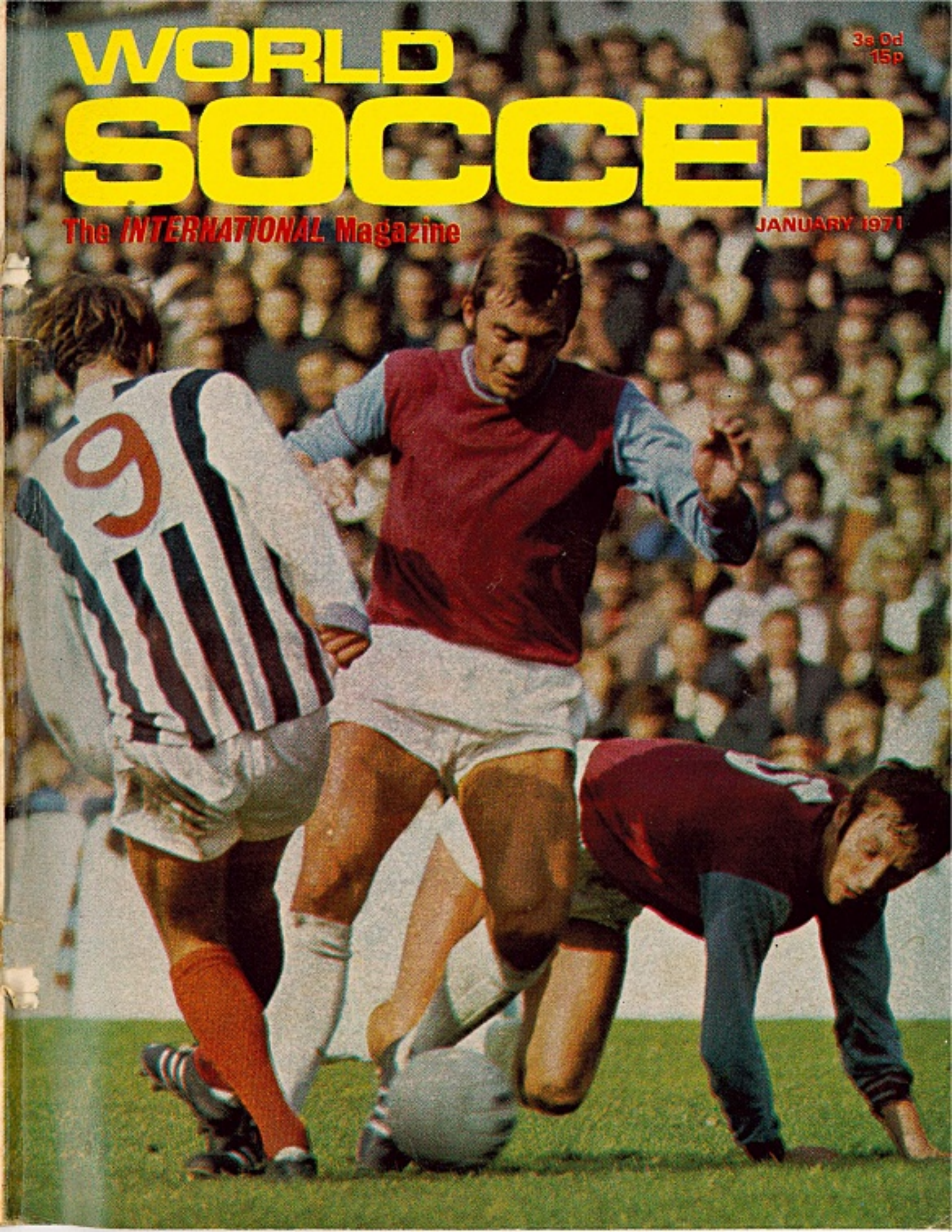
JANUARY 1971



FRONT COVER MEN

West Ham hope to improve

THE first half of the 1970–71 season was not a happy one for West Ham United. Victories were few and far between and it was disheartening to see a team of their undoubted talent struggling to avoid relegation.

The loss of Billy Bonds, an adventurous, bold full-back, and Alan Stephenson, a solid, dependable centre-half, were additional blows as West Ham strove to find their rhythm and some semblance of consistency.

Bonds was suspended for four weeks by a FA Disciplinary Committee and Stephenson was hospitalised for a spell in order to have a cartilage removed. Stephenson entered hospital only days after West Ham bought Tony Taylor for the Orient and the two have yet to play together.

The season has not been without its disappointments for Jeff Astle. He was left out of the England squad for the match against East Germany. Astle has never managed to produce his club form at international level but he remains one of the most lethal and prolific strikers in the First Division.

West Ham United's Billy Bonds and Alan Stephenson challenge West Bromwich Albion and England centre-forward Jeff Astle during a First Division match at the Hawthorns.

Football's Hall of Fame

Sir Matt Busby, Bobby Charlton and Derek Dougan—members of the Hall of Fame's Electoral Committee.

Film shows, pictures, club histories, and souvenirs

VISITORS to London will soon be able to visit a football "Hall of Fame" situated in the heart of the capital. A permanent soccer exhibition is being established in premises off Oxford Street and will be open to the public from March of this year.

The Hall, which covers 14,000 square feet, will exhibit every facet of Association Football, ranging from the history of the game to a day by day, match by match account of every club in the Football League. There will be film shows and a variety of sections devoted to different aspects of the game.

This season the Football Hall of Fame's Electoral Committee, which includes Sir Matt Busby, Sir Stanley Rous, Sir Alf Ramsey, Mr. Alan Hardaker, Mr. Cliff Lloyd, Bobby Charlton, and Derek Dougan, will elect to the Hall of Fame 15 to 20 people who, in their careers, have contributed to the sport.

Each following season the Board will elect a further two personalities. However, no player will be elected until three years after he has retired from professional soccer.

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Editor:
PHILIP RISING

JANUARY WORLD SOCCER 1971
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Contents

		Page
Lev Yashin writes		3
Hungarian news	*Leslie Vernon*	5
Looking at Soccer	*Brian Glanville*	6
NASL trend reversed	*Colin Jose*	8
Players' wages not yet paid	*Eric Weil*	9
Guruceta cleared	*Norman Cutler*	10
Ibbotson aids City	*Ken Oultram*	11
Milan—talk of the town!	*Philip Evans*	12
Speaking Personally	*Leslie Vernon*	13
"De Klokke" for Chelsea	*Arthur Rotmil*	14
Ron Harris column		15
Seville could go it alone	*Norman Cutler*	16
ADO still at the top	*Hans Molenaar*	18
England victory well received	*Roger Macdonald*	19
Nicolai Johansen interview	*Eric Batty*	20
Exit permits refused	*Hans Molenaar*	21
Rimel award for Norman		22
Inter sack Herrera	*Philip Evans*	23
World Diary	*Roger Macdonald*	24
Bad joke thing of the past	*Peter Jackson*	26
World Soccer newsdesk		27
Poor start for St. Etienne		28
Dresden clear		29
Big stadia, but nobody to fill them	*Eric Weil*	30
Müller absent	*Arthur Rotmil*	31
Club Focus on Celtic	*Jack Rollin*	32
TV cameras reveal every incident	*Arthur Rotmil*	34
Riots evident in Hungary		35
Book reviews		36
World Tour a success	*Andrew Dettre*	38
Admira run out of steam		39
One swallow doesn't make a summer	*Eric Batty*	40
Swiss go down to Hungary	*Arthur Rotmil*	41
Match analysis	*Eric Batty*	42
Enthusiasm grips Spain	*Norman Cutler*	44
European Championship		45
European Cup details		46
League tables		47

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LEV YASHIN writes for WORLD SOCCER

'Football so sharp in Mexico'

Questions posed by DIMA ISOTOW

Q. It's generally accepted in the West that the World Cup sets the fashion in football. Do you agree?

A. Yes, at any rate since 1966 many international teams and clubs have taken up the 4-3-3 defensive system. And to some extent it lasted until the last World Cup in Mexico.

You were in Mexico—tell us about your impressions and then we can discuss whether the Brazilian victory gave anything to football.

Well, if we begin at the 1966 championships, the basic system there was 4-3-3. This system survived in the Mexico championships as well. If you look closely at the 1970 tournament, the 4-3-3 system was present in almost all teams. I don't think there was really any new system of placing or scheme of play there. So this system remained. Both the holders of the trophy, England, and the Brazilians themselves used this system.

What did the championships give you personally, leaving aside the Soviet team for now.

For me it was still a football school. I think that the championships can always give a footballer something. I was pleased that the football was so sharp. Despite the warm climate, despite the fact that the teams were playing in the noon-day heat, when the sun was at its peak—despite all this the players showed great moral and mental strength, when every team had to fight not only their opponents but also the problem of height and climate.

Nobody in England, either coaches or journalists, has really explained what to my mind was a comparatively disappointing performance by the Soviet team in Mexico.

Well, what can you say about our team. They did everything they could to get to the final. But that ill-fated game with Uruguay, that disputed goal which knocked all the players out of their stride and sealed the fate of the team,

● *Continued overleaf*

LEV YASHIN writes for WORLD SOCCER

● *Continued from previous page*

was unfortunate. But that doesn't mean our team was unsuccessful, or that we do not have a good chance of a successful appearance at the next championship.

Is there a coming generation of talented players in the USSR who will be able to take their place in world-class football?

I think we've still got time, and within that time young footballers will naturally show themselves—even now there is in our team a number of young footballers, like Shevchenko, Kolotov and others, and I think they will strengthen their places in the team and will be well prepared. We are now mostly looking to young players.

Going back to the 1970 World Cup, Brazil won on the strength of five or six players, the like of which we just don't have in Europe. Sometimes one gets the impression that Europe cannot imitate Brazil because we don't have the Copacabana beach or places where children can play from the age of eight with highly technical opponents.

Well, we don't have the Copacabana beach, but we do have places which are no worse where one can have first-class preparation for a world championship. In England you have first-class pitches, first-class turf—the like of which they don't have in Brazil. It's quite possible in England to work out one's technique and to play successfully. But what is the difference between Europe and South America? Quite naturally, it seems to me, the climate itself plays a role, the psychology of the individual, shall we say, his temperament; quite

Soccer in Europe is more physical

simply they have this ingrained feeling for superb technique, mastery in detail. But that doesn't mean they play better than Europeans—they play attractively, if you observe from the sidelines they play very attractively, but in Europe football is more severe, more dynamic, more physical. We Europeans lost ot the Brazilians because they had a greater number of high-class players in their team on this occasion; more experienced, such as Pelé, Tostao, Jairzinho, Rivelino, but I don't think history will repeat itself in the next championship.

What can the European countries do to oppose the Brazilians in 1974?

Physical

I think first of all the European climate and atmosphere will hinder the Brazilians. I don't think South American footballers ever feel at home in our continent, just the same as we feel strange over there. I think we can oppose them with our European football, physical and at the same time fast. You must play fast against the South Americans, develop attacks quickly, and round them off quickly, and I think the Europeans have the strength for this. I think success will be on the side of the Europeans in the next championship.

Recently Sir Alf Ramsey expressed the thought that Mexico had been and gone, that to some extent Europe, and particularly England, experienced defeat but that one must forget about that and think of the future. Do you think that's right?

I think Alf Ramsey was right in this respect. Everything's over, everything's forgotten and everything that could be learned from the championships has been learned. I think he's right to say that now one must prepare one's players for West Germany—it will be a hard and complicated task. A lot of responsible work. I think all will be well if we Europeans join hands with West Germany in mind.

What do you think of England's success under Alf Ramsey?

In Mexico?

No, in general.

Well, firstly one should say that under him, before Mexico, they became champions. Of course, it was difficult for the champions to win in Mexico, because everyone plays twice as hard against the champions, so it was very difficult for Ramsey. I think he has got a lot of hard work ahead of him. I'd like to wish him all the best in his task of taking world football to greater things, to more exciting things.

In May 1971 you will have your last international match, USSR against the Rest of the World. Whom would you personally like to invite to play for the Rest of the World?

Banks, Mazurkiewicz, Schnellinger, Moore, Beckenbauer, Bobby Charlton, Overath, Eusebio, Facchetti, Djavic, Pelé, Jairzinho, Amancio.

What are your plans for the future?

I still don't know. But I cannot imagine a life without football.

DOZSA LEAD AT HALF-WAY STAGE

ONCE again Ujpesti Dozsa are the half-time champions of Hungary. In the last round they defeated the heroic Pecs 5-1 with the help of a couple of goals by Ferenc Bene, who is now the country's top-scorer with 16.

This match had a scandalous second half and a remarkable ending. Following several unpleasant scenes, Mate and Nosko indulged in a childish cock-fight, and referee Zsolt, with his customary firmness, sent both of them off. Six minutes from the end, young Kellner substituted Nagy for Ujpest, and in the very first minute of his Division I début, scored a spectacular goal.

The best match of the autumn campaign was the Ujpest v. Ferencvaros derby. In the fifth minute a Novak shot rebounded from a defender, and Florian Albert scored elegantly. Bene equalised before half-time with a well-taken goal, and the same player converted a Nosko cross in the 53rd minute. Albert scored once more for "Fradi", making the final score 2-2. Two goals each by "Flori" and "Ferike"—just like old times!

Except for the attendance figure, which was an all-time low for this traditionally popular fixture—8,000! Clearly, the public is still disenchanted with football, and only a significant improvement of standards and a top-class national eleven will entice back the TV-bound millions.

NAGY of Ujpest.

Aspirations

Vasas beat lowly Komlo 1-0 at home and finished second. They were inexplicably inconsistent during the season; only the half-back line of Müller, Meszoly and Vidats kept them in the race. Honved are third with a better goal difference than Ferencvaros or MTK. They have strong championship aspirations and are hoping that the introduction of Kelemen and Szucs will strengthen the side considerably.

These two internationals have to "sit-out" a year before their transfers become legal, but by the opening of the spring season they will be eligible to play. Ferencvaros are still at the crossroads, although Albert is slowly but surely regaining his old touch, and with the fully-fit Juhasz, they could yet surprise the defending champions.

MTK are back in the big-time thanks to hard work and application. All praise to their coach, Palicsko, who managed to instil confidence into a bunch of average, but willing footballers. At the bottom of the table, Szeged and Dunaujvaros seem doomed—on paper, only Komlo could "save" one of them from relegation.

It is now semi-officially confirmed that at the end of the season, Lajos Baroti will go to Vienna to take over Austria Vienna. Last year Austria won the championship under manager Oewirk, but his departure brought about a slump in the club's fortunes, and they are now a middle-of-the-table side. Baroti had a brilliantly successful spell with the lilac-and-white Dozsa, winning the championship twice (so far) and the Cup.

On the other hand, their international record wasn't satisfactory, and the coach felt that the Hungarian FA could have done more for the clubs involved in Europe. Now he will tackle a new challenge in Austria with another team sporting lilac and white colours, and I for one wish the old (I beg your pardon, middle-aged) maestro, lots of luck.

The expression "a player's player" is often used in an abstract fashion, but for once the Hungarian illustrated monthly *Labdarugas* (Football) have taken the trouble to find out who they really are. They sent out 280 voting cards to all First Division footballers asking them to nominate the player of the year and the team they would select based on League performances.

The 23-year-old Dozsa winger, Laszlo Fazekas, won the contest with an overwhelming majority. Fazekas received 131 votes, 84 more than second-placed Panesics—Meszoly came third with 37. In the past, journalists voted "the player of the year", as in England, and these were the recent winners—1964: Bene; 1965: Matrai; 1966: Albert; 1967: Albert; 1968: Szucs; 1969: Bene.

The team selected by the players is almost identical to the national eleven that played against Switzerland on November 15. This was the paper-team, number of votes in parentheses: Bicskei (134); Nosko (115), Meszoly (140), Vidats (109), Panesics (124); Halmosi (79), Zambo (126); Fazekas (214), Kocsis (79), Bene (166), Szuromi (34). The Hoffer-selected eleven had Konrad (Pecs) and E. Dunai in instead of Vidats and Zambo, although the former came on in the second half.

Criticised

Bicskei was originally picked to play, but later sustained a kidney injury in training, so Rothermel kept his place in goal. Hoffer could not be criticised with such an avalanche of professional support behind him, and his team proved the point by winning 1-0 at Basle. Hungary haven't been beaten by the Swiss for 31 years, and this time a clever Fazekas goal was enough to keep the record intact. This was Kalman Meszoly's 60th cap, which puts him 15th on this overall list: 100—Bozsik, 86—Grosics, 84—Puskas, 80—Matrai, 77—Sipos, 76—Fenyvesi, 75—Sandor, 70—Tichy, 69—Albert, 68—Hidegkuti, S. Kocsis, Schlosser, 62—Goroes, 61—Dr. Gyorgy Sarosi.

This victory tilted Hungary's international record "post-Marseille" to the credit side. 57.1% of the possible points were gained in seven matches—three victories, two draws and two defeats.

v. Poland (h.)	2-0
v. Norway (a.)	3-1
v. Switzerland (a.)	1-0
v. Yugoslavia (a.)	2-2
v. Austria (h.)	1-1
v. Sweden (h.)	1-2
v. W. Germany (a.)	1-3

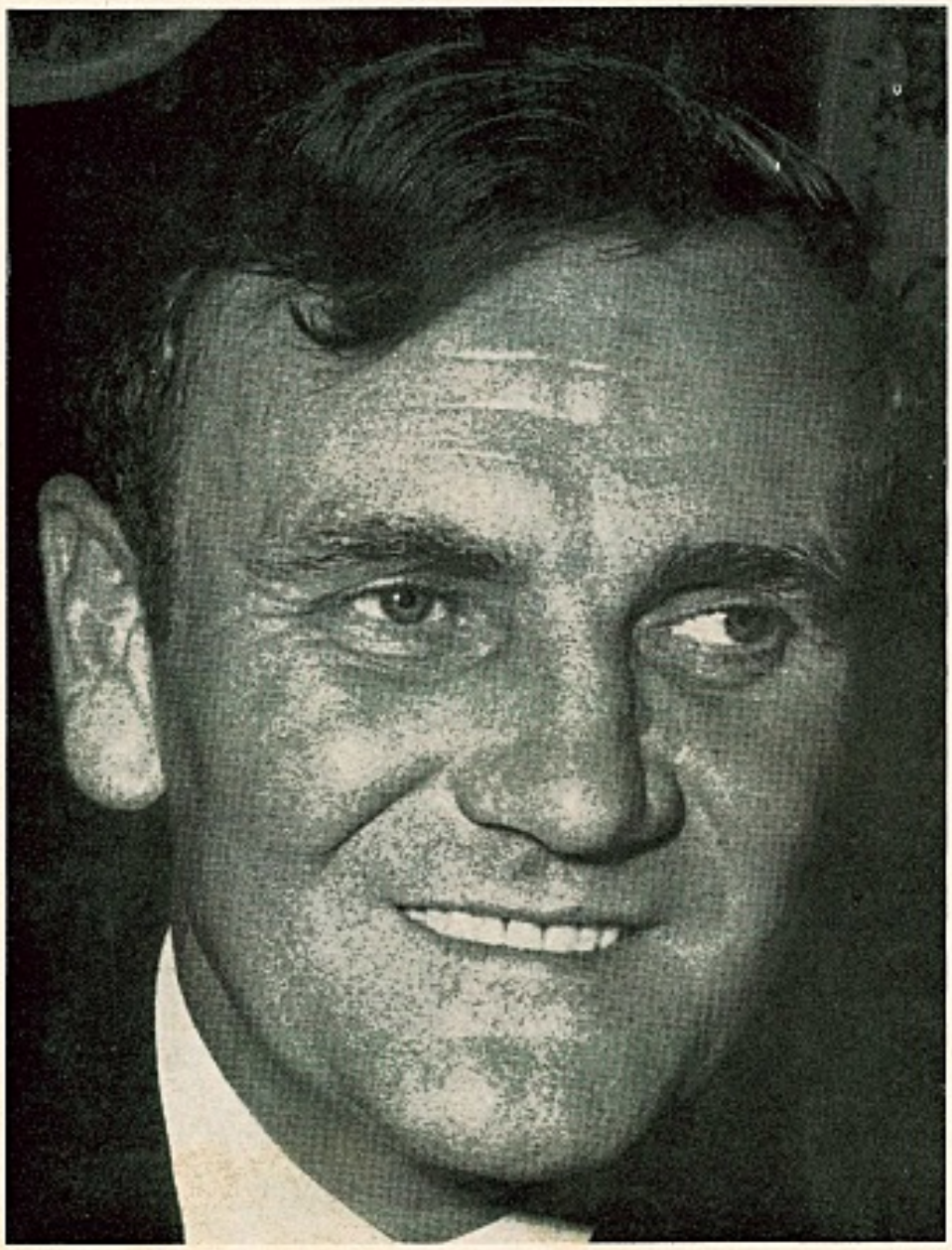
★ LESLIE VERNON

CLUB OR COUNTRY DILEMMA

WHEN Luigi Riva broke his right leg, that sad Saturday in Vienna, the crack could be heard, figuratively, all over the world of football. For Riva was playing not for Cagliari, his club, but for Italy; and it is the second time such a thing has happened to him. Cagliari's subsequent, disheartened collapse, their prompt, dispirited elimination from the European Cup, their falling to pieces in the Italian League, was the immediate consequence. The reverberations will certainly be felt in Britain, where the League clubs are intensifying their opposition to international fixtures; one of their present bones of contention with the Football Association.

Frankly, you cannot help sympathising with the clubs, as well as the FA; they both, as my old history teachers used to tell me while trying to excuse Britain for the Boer War, have such a good case; it is a question, as they told me, of "two whites".

Sir Alf Ramsey, a sturdy traditionalist to the end, and a patriot to his fingertips, insists that clubs should regard the choice of a player for England as an honour. But the clubs, looking at what happened to Luigi Riva, to the way Pelé was kicked out of the 1966 World Cup, must feel worried and wary. There have, alas, been so many such instances. That marvellous prospect, Alick Jeffery, of Doncaster Rovers, never truly recovered from breaking his leg at Bristol in a tackle with Richard Tylinski, in an Under-23 international against France. Still only 17 at the time, Jeffery then looked one of the finest prospects we had thrown up since Duncan Edwards.



Leeds United manager Don Revie.

Badly affected

Going further back still, there was Laurie Hughes, the young Liverpool centre-half who came into the 1950 World Cup team in Chile at the 11th hour, Neil Franklin having flitted off to Colombia (which had another, nasty surprise for us in 1970. . . .) Hughes survived the World Cup well enough, but when he played at the beginning of the following season in the FA Charity Shield match, at Chelsea, against an FA XI for the World Cup team, he was so severely injured that the rest of his career was badly affected. Liverpool lost his services for months.

What one is saying, in effect, is that football is a bodily contact sport, in which injury is always a glum possibility. The clubs reason, fairly enough, that a player is theirs rather than his country's, that it is they who pay his wages, they who may well have paid a colossal transfer fee for him, they who will be the inevitable sufferers—look at Cagliari—if they lose the presence of a star. On the other hand, the World Cup remains the apex of the sport, its final watched by a bewildering and somewhat worrying 800 million on television, last June. Nor can there be any doubt that success at this level colossally enhances a player's prestige and value—though there are odd exceptions like the incomparable George Best, to prove the rule.

I simply don't know what the solution can be. The clubs have been talking about getting the national associations to pay their players' wages, while they are on international call, but this has always seemed to me rather petty. Indeed it plumbed the very depths of pettiness last summer when Olym-

LOOKING AT SOCCER • BRIAN GLANVILLE •

pique Marseilles held the Swedish national team up to ransom, insisting that they pay the wages of Roger Magnusson, that fine outside-right. Sweden said they couldn't; Marseilles replied that in that case, Magnusson wouldn't be released. Nor was he.

The attitude of certain clubs and managers was made alarmingly clear when Don Revie, of Leeds United, blithely arranged a League match against Stoke City on the very day, November 11, when Northern Ireland, Wales and Scotland were all due to play vital games in the European Championship qualifying competition. Stoke somewhat reluctantly agreed, but the end of it was that the FA very properly stepped in and told Leeds to think again. I thought it was a depressing piece of behaviour by Leeds, who knew very well that Billy Bremner and Eddie Gray—both, as it transpired, unfit—would probably be needed by Scotland, while Gary Sprake was certain to be picked by Wales.

Luigi Riva had a special reason for visiting young Danilo Piroddi, aged 9, in hospital in Rome. Danilo's arm was broken when he was struck by a ball kicked by Riva in an Italian league game. A few days later Riva himself was hospitalised after breaking a leg playing for Italy against Austria.

Smaller nations

I don't, as a competition, like the European Championship, which I would willingly see disappear into limbo, though the clubs might reflect that you can break your leg just as easily in a British International Championship game; as Eric Caldow of Rangers and Scotland once, alas, did at Wembley. Still, so long as it is in being, it seems to me mean spirited of the clubs to hamper the smaller nations in this way.

In the running battle between the Football Association and the Football League, I am largely and generally on the side of the former. They are not without blemish, they are certainly open to charges of amateurism (but so are the League, whose committee consists, after all, of club directors) but in general, they tend to take a larger view of things. The League, perennially entrenched in the provinces, both in fact and attitude, remain prone to short-sighted error. The proliferation, this season, of all those half-baked cups is a distressing example of the fact.

My views on the Football League Cup have been aired often enough in these pages for them to be familiar. Certainly it has its moments, but it still seems to me rather like a dubious horse race, in which one is never sure which entrants are trying and which are not. The so-called Texaco Cup, at least a better name for it than the British Cup, is the most utter excrescence. "British" Cup, indeed, when it is so manifestly a competition for the also rans, those clubs which did not manage to get into Europe.

The results of it have been sombrely indicative; powerful English clubs, which often won handsomely at the weekend, going down not to major but to minor Scottish teams. Moreover, as the statistics have made quite clear, people are simply not prepared to pay for so much football. I was in the queue outside Fulham's ground some weeks ago, before (let me confess it) a League Cup tie, waiting to pick up my Press pass. In front of me stood a young man in, perhaps, his early 20s. Asking for a ticket, when the ticket office belatedly opened, he was offered one at 15s. He paid for it, observing sadly: "It's come to the stage that you have to do without a meal."

The clubs, in other words, cannot have it all ways. If they put up their prices, they cannot reasonably expect the average terrace fan to afford a couple of matches a week, especially when one of these matches is of uncertain authenticity.

Fifteen years ago, the Football League threw up its arms in horror at the birth of the European Cup, and succeeded in cajoling Chelsea not to enter. That battle has long since and most emphatically been lost. But when the League produces an idea of its own, in terms of competitions, it tends to be a dead duck, or a moribund one. It is far too ready to allow commercial firms to come in and to batten on football, even if it did, most wisely, refuse to allow a firm to sponsor its own cup. Nevertheless a very real danger remains of prostituting the game to commerce. The Texaco Cup, the Watney's Cup; these are sheer superfluities, which may, in the context of the contemporary game, do positive harm.

Finally, and personally, may I revert to the subject of Bogota, and mention an extraordinary letter which reached me from that squalid Colombian city? It was, of all things, from a policeman, and it came many months after England's ill-starred visit there last May. Did I, it asked, remember him? He was the policeman who had sat next to me during the two games between Colombia and England. (We journalists had been placed in rock hard and extremely unattractive, low level seats.) It was he who had caught one of the footballs, thrown up as a publicity gamut, before the game, and I had congratulated him. (With a considerable effort of the will and the memory, I did indeed manage to recall it.) Later, he had seen a photograph of me in the local newspaper, and realised, etc., etc.

The point was this. Some time ago, his hands had started shaking, a serious threat to his job. He had gone to a doctor who told him that he was suffering from a certain disease. His hands always felt cold. Could I, therefore, send him a pair of warm winter gloves, of the kind worn in England? A pair I had used would do very well. . . .

I intend to buy him a pair, and shall send them, I hope, through the Colombian Embassy. There seems, in the light of all those sordid machinations of the summer, something faintly appropriate about it.

NASL TREND REVERSED

From COLIN JOSE

THANKS mainly to the tremendous selling job that has been done in recent months by officials of the North American Soccer League, that organisation, which soon after the completion of the 1970 season seemed in serious danger of total collapse, now appears to be emerging stronger than in any year since 1968.

Indications coming from all cities at the present time are that the earlier trend towards a reduction in the number of members from six down to three and a subsequent end to the organisation, has been reversed and the NASL can now look forward to at least a ten-team league for 1971.

Dallas, St. Louis, Rochester and Atlanta all appear to be near certainties for next season, while Washington despite both financial and internal difficulties have posted their bond. Kansas City, who had seemed to be completely out of the picture, have recently undergone a substantial change in ownership which has improved their position somewhat; however, they must still be considered doubtful. I understand that a move to another city has been discussed and that this cannot be ruled out.

The main cause for optimism, however, comes from the interest that has been aroused in other cities. For months now officials of the NASL have been trying to interest groups in Toronto and New York, which are regarded as key centres, in the establishment of a stronger league, and it now seems likely that any day the league will announce the granting of franchises in those cities.

While little is known of the New York organisation at the moment, the Toronto club is headed by John Fisher, who played a substantial role in the organisation of the highly successful Canadian Centennial celebrations in 1967. Mr. Fisher has definitely filed an application for membership and his aim is to unite all the ethnic groups and soccer interests in and around Toronto. That he will be granted a franchise is considered a mere formality.

Franchises

Before Christmas the NASL hopes to announce that it has granted franchises to cities number nine and ten and it is expected that one of those cities will be Montreal and that the other will come from a list of six others with whom the NASL is currently negotiating. These cities are Cleveland, Cincinatti, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Philadelphia. Pittsburgh is thought to have the inside track.

As far back as July 9, when the NASL met at the Marriott Hotel in Chicago, a Montreal group expressed an interest in a franchise. This group was represented by Mr. Jim Andrews, first vice-president of the Canadian Soccer Football Association. It is now thought that Mr. Sam Berger, who owns the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League, is behind this franchise. Mr. Berger has rebuilt this team in one season from a last place in 1969 to a strong contender for this year's Canadian football championship—the Grey Cup.

The men largely responsible for the brighter outlook in the NASL these days are Lamar Hunt, chairman of the league's executive committee, Phil Woosnam, the executive director of the NASL, and Clive Toye, who turned down an offer from Leicester City to remain as Director of Information. Between them they have flown thousands of miles and talked to hundreds of people in an effort to keep the NASL alive, and Phil Woosnam said recently: "Our league is just about to turn the corner."

The United States Soccer Football Association is expected to announce big developments shortly and one of them seems certain to be the appointment of Dettmar Cramer as the national coach. Mr. Cramer, who was first offered the job at the USSFA Annual Convention in July, has had considerable difficulty in making up his mind to undertake what is a very difficult task and at one time had definitely decided against it. Now, however, with the colleges beginning to take a more positive interest in the game, Mr. Cramer appears to have reversed his decision.

NEW RECORD SET

by Arthur Rotmil

IN the West German Bundesliga title-holders Borussia Mönchengladbach established a new record of 13 games without defeat—previous best was 12, by FC Nürnberg in 1967. Borussia fell at the next hurdle to Hertha in Berlin before a crowd of 80,000 by 2-4.

No doubt their dramatic encounter and tragic dismissal by Everton in the European Cup was mainly responsible for the first league defeat. The emotional outbursts, followed by more objective debates later, focused the attention on the new methods of deciding European ties by a penalty contest.

Of course, there might not have been anything to lament had Ludwig Müller steadied his nerves and shot home Borussia's final spot-kick. It is equally no use bemouning the obvious (from TV films) fact that Everton's goalkeeper not only stood two yards in front of his line but clearly moved *before* the kick was taken.

Amid all the arguments for and against, one can sympathise with the assertion that teams playing the second leg at home are definitely favoured by half an hour of extra time, *plus* the penalty decider. Is it a coincidence, I wonder, that on the same day in three European ties the home side succeeded every time with their series of spot-kicks.

Borussia recovered to win the next two league games but after 16 championship rounds they were lying second, one point behind Bayern Munich. Next came Eintracht Brunswick, who did well to end Kaiserslautern's unbeaten home record. The last-named celebrated in great style the 50th birthday of their famous local-born hero, Fritz Walter, one of the greatest German players of all time and the architect of their World Cup victory in 1954. Walter received the Federal Cross of Merit before the match with Cologne in front of a full house of 32,000.

Coch of Boca Juniors heads for goal with team-mate Madurga jumping behind.

PLAYERS' WAGES NOT YET PAID

ERIC WEIL reports from ARGENTINA

THINGS have certainly come to a head when a club like Independiente, the current Metropolitan champions, owe their players several months' salary, the players threaten not to turn out, a "peace meeting" is held just before they are due to leave for Mar del Plata, no real solution is reached, but the players travel to lose 5-0 to a team which hadn't won a game before. Reason given—the defence flopped. The real reason—the players just didn't put their hearts into it.

At the same time Platense's players actually went on strike, because they hadn't been able to collect a cent from their club for some time and Platense, after proving a tough obstacle for rivals in earlier games, had to fulfil their fixtures with third XI amateurs who lost heavily to all-comers.

One week it's Independiente and Platense. The following week it can be any one of the other clubs, because most of them owe their discontented players money. The resulting freak scores and teams which are strong one week and weak the next, are turning the 1970 National Championship into a bit of a farce.

River Plate, Boca Juniors and Velez Sarsfield, all fighting for the lead of their sections, are reported to be the only three clubs up to date with their salary commitments. It's no wonder either that the provincial semi-professional clubs, which qualified for the National Championship via regional competitions, are doing better than ever this year. They do not have the same problem. Their players are earning more than ever by taking part in the "National" and they have every incentive to go all out to win.

One has to sympathise with the players. They cannot be blamed for trying to get as much as they can out of their clubs. If they are promised the moon to sign a contract, they would be silly to refuse. The fault rather lies with club managements which promise more than the club can afford, offer poor amenities for spectators, yet often charge high prices which the population, in the present financial crisis here, is unable to afford. Result—many empty spaces at soccer stadiums these days and less money for the players.

Interesting Nevertheless

The vicious circle is not helped by the fact that TV, expected to be a financial saviour, is transmitting one or two games live each week and not paying for it. As TV bought the rights from the FA with promises, their debt mounts by several million pesos each week—on paper. This would go a long way to paying the players' wages, but no actual cash is forthcoming.

If this is the way professional soccer continues to be run in the Argentine, there is only one solution—forget it and return to the amateur game. Such a move may involve "under the counter" payments and all the old tricks, but at least it would keep the squabbles under the counter also and players would not be going on strike because they hadn't been paid—or would they?

Gimnasia y Esgrima, the semi-professional team from the province of Mendoza, is still in the fight for the "A" section leadership, although they haven't been able to keep up their early surge. Lying fifth, they are still only two points behind leaders River Plate.

The national championship, in its fourth year, has become more national with provincial teams doing better than ever, probably due to the reasons mentioned in the first part of this article. While the tournament may not be as serious as it should be for reasons not directly connected with football, interest is tremendous all over the country as the provincials are getting more of a look-in.

GURUCETA CLEARED

Report from NORMAN CUTLER

FIFA's Commission of Referees, after the fullest enquiry, has given a verdict on Spain's sensational "Guruceta Affaire". The San Sebastian referee, Emilio Guruceta, who was held responsible for the Real Madrid-Barcelona match riot and suspended for an unprecedented six months, was found not guilty. The Federation of Spain's Committee of Competitions was ruled to have ***acted contrary to regulations.***

The Commission's decision, the severest of reprovals given to a member Federation, supports the tremendous weight of Spanish opinion which opposed their Federation's infamous Article 114 which put the responsibility for public disorder on to the shoulders of the referee. It completely vindicates the 28-year-old Guruceta, and rules against three major bodies ... the Committee of Competitions who imposed the monstrous sanction ... the Permanent Committee who rejected the appeal, and a Committee of the Ministry of Physical Education and Sport who, as the "court of last resort" in Spanish sport, upheld the original decision.

Integrity

Guruceta's honour and integrity has been internationally vindicated. But it is doubtful whether it will do him much good domestically. He has completed every day of his sanction ... and even if FIFA's ruling is accepted and acted upon—it's not likely that D. Ruiz de Velasco, the Committee of Competition's autocratic president, will admit his error—there are no avenues or measures for personal recompense or redress.

In FIFA's clearly disapproving but diplomatic summing-up it says ... the suspension of the referee (Guruceta) for the public disorder which followed the awarding of a penalty, that the defending club (Barcelona), its supporters and the Federation's Committee thought erroneous, *was not justified.*

The Commission expressed surprise and disapproval that the Spanish Committee of Competitions failed so obviously to apply the statutes and regulations of FIFA. The report points out that Article 5 of the Regulations of Play clearly states that during the course of a game the *decision of the referee is final and cannot be the subject of an examination by a subsequent committee.* It is of no importance if the referee commits an error and it is supported by films and television. A referee has to decide in a fraction of a second and can commit errors.

Public order in all countries, says FIFA, is a matter for the Tribunals (forces of law). There was also stress on the need for educating players, *officials* (club directors, etc.) and public, into accepting a referee's decision as final. *How can that ever be in Spain when the Committee of Competitions weekly sits as judge and jury of referees' decisions based chiefly on biased club reports?*

As could be expected the central figures of the "Case" attacked football's ruling body immediately the report was published. The Barcelona press, whose bitter criticism agitated an already exploded situation, said: "FIFA is nobody when it comes to carrying out regulations that are valid in our country."

Opinion

The Committee of Competitions president, D. Ruiz de Velasco, whose resignation has been demanded by Real Madrid, Atletico Bilbao and other clubs for incompatibility in other matters, said: "The opinion of FIFA has no value in this case."

Apart from the rights and wrongs of the matter, the FIFA report will create quite an intriguing situation. When Guruceta was suspended several presidents of Regional Referee Committees and hundreds of referees resigned in energetic support of their scapegoat colleague. Several weeks later, when the Federation took tough measures, they changed their minds and withdrew their resignations. Now Guruceta has been vindicated by the game's highest authority, where do the "Yo-yo" camp followers stand?

Whatever the outcome—my guess is that it will be left and left until forgotten—the effect of the decision will be felt beyond the frontiers of Spain. It undoubtedly emphasises the authority and rights of the most criticised individual in football ... the man in the middle.

Emilio Guruceta? He may never return to refereeing in Spain but he will undoubtedly go down in football history as the man whose martyrdom brought justice, respect and authority to the referee ... for FIFA's report may well herald a "new Deal" for world referees.

Born in San Sebastian, Guruceta is Spain's youngest First Division referee. He has never been an active footballer, except as a pastime at regional level. But he was, perhaps because of his height (6 ft. 3 in.) a national class handball forward.

Spanish referee Emilio Guruceta, cleared by FIFA.

In 1966, when 24, Guruceta was appointed to the Third Division referees panel ... and two years later reached the Second Division. His refereeing was so impressive, his authority so complete and reports from clubs so complimentary, that after only one sensational season in the Second Division, the Football Federation promoted him again and he became the First Division's youngest ever referee.

Guruceta was a phenomenon, his rise meteoric. After only ten First Division games he was accepted as one of Spain's Big Five referees.

In the middle of the controversy I discussed the whole frightful mess with Emilio Guruceta. Never once did he complain over the vicious sanction ... nor did he utter one word of criticism against his accusers. His only concern was that his referee colleagues became involved in the hullabaloo.

"I would much rather have borne all this alone. My conscience is clear and quite tranquil. I'm naturally sorry about the public incidents, but as far as the game was concerned I have nothing to regret."

After FIFA's report Guruceta, with unabashed emotion, expressed his satisfaction. "The last months have been terrible," he said, "but if the affair has done good and helped referees in general then it has all been worthwhile."

SPAIN RAP THE GURUCETA VERDICT

THE President of the Spanish Football Federation, Don Perez Paya, strongly rapped FIFA over their "findings" in the Real Madrid-Barcelona match and referee Guruceta suspension report.

FIFA's original communication came from the ruling body's General Secretary, Helmut Kaser . . . the Spanish reply was addressed directly to the President, Sir Stanley Rous.

The Spanish President PROTESTED that the FIFA Referees' Commission incorrectly intervened in an internal competition and based their commentary on incomplete and unofficial information.

CRITICISED FIFA for submitting a copy of the report to a third person for publication thereby provoking a conflict between the press and the Spanish football public.

Correction

MAINTAINED that FIFA had not acted with correction towards a legally affiliated association that has loyally complied with all its obligations.

INSISTED that the Spanish Federation had scrupulously respected all the rules and regulations, especially Rule 5.

DECLARED that the Federation's Committee of Competitions had complete justification in Article 115 for the suspension imposed on referee Guruceta.

And EXPLAINED that the referee was not sanctioned for conceding a penalty in favour of one of the clubs, or for provoking public disorder. But because his deficient refereeing caused a problem of public disorder. (What's the difference?)

The meeting of the Federation that approved the text of D. Perez Paya's reply to FIFA also accepted the resignation of D. Felipe Ruiz Velasco, President of the Competitions' Committee which handled the controversial case! Don Santiago Foncillas Cases takes over the vacant presidency.

Derek Ibbotson (right) has helped Manchester City in training.

IBBOTSON AIDS CITY

by KEN OULTRAM

A BEHIND-THE-SPOTLIGHT personality who has helped take Manchester City to league championship, league cup, FA Cup and European Cup Winners Cup successes is Derek Ibbotson, former world one-mile record holder.

Derek's coaching methods in condition training have certainly paid off, for soccer fans everywhere acknowledge City's hard-running team to be one of the fittest in Europe.

For each City home game, Derek motors from his Huddersfield home; a round-trip of nearly 60 miles. "Running training is ideal for the type of game City play," he says. "Just watch them go on the break!"

Realised

Derek believes physical fitness will play an even greater role as the game develops even further during the '70s. "More and more clubs have realised that athletics has something to offer."

He rattled off the names of teams who have had or are utilising stars of athletics in a bid for new peaks in fitness: Ron Jones (QPR), Tom McNab (Chelsea), Bruce Tulloch (Reading), Peter Keeling (Halifax), Dick Taylor (Coventry), Alan Simpson (Rotherham), Ken Wood (Sheffield Wednesday).

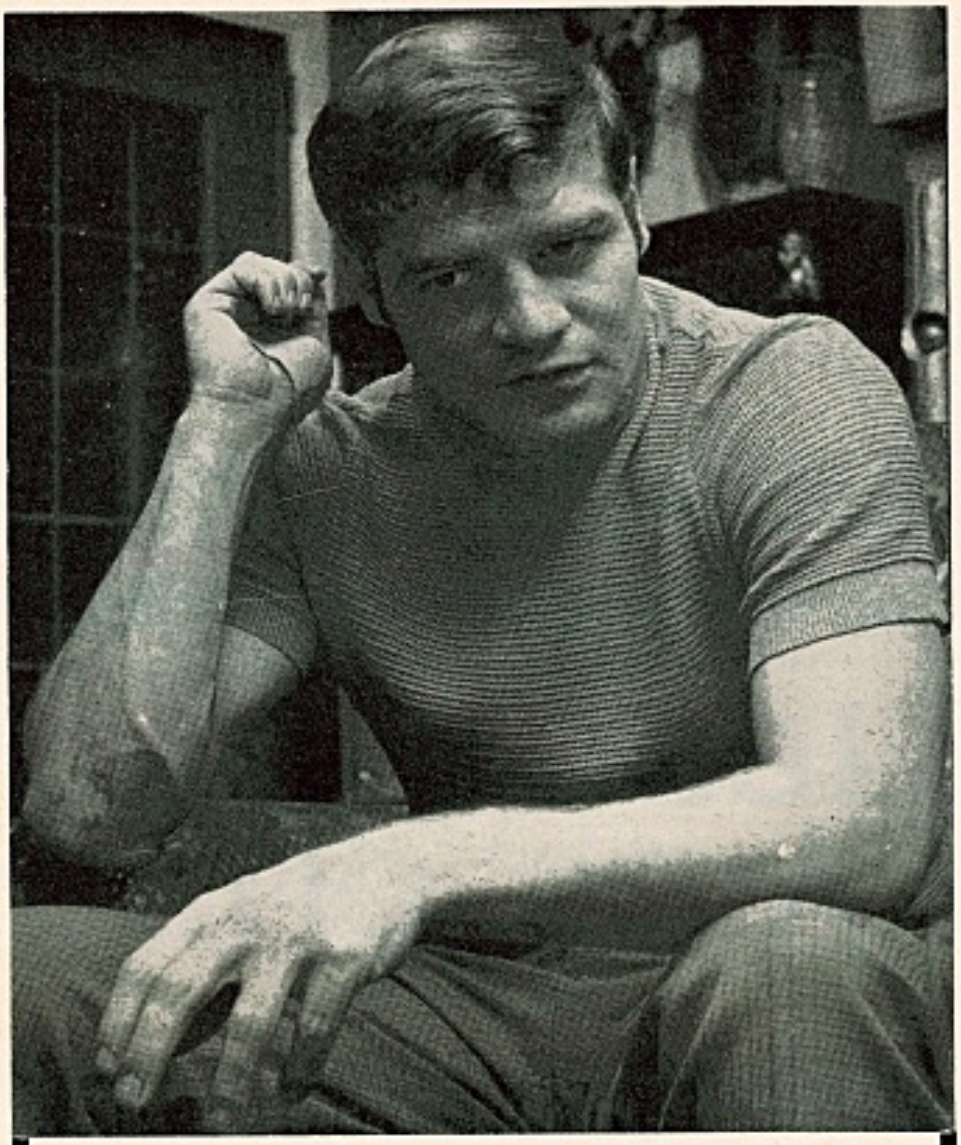
"Yet there's still a long way to go," he confessed. "Notice how clubs relax the training as a match approaches. When players realise they can put even more into their training instead of saving themselves for the next game we'll really begin to get somewhere."

Practise

Derek, who also had a spell coaching Huddersfield Town, will practise what he preaches in Scotland's famed Powderhall Sprints in January. Which isn't bad going for an old man of 38!

"I've put on very little weight since my real racing days," added the man who beat Australian John Landy's world mile record with a time of 3 minutes 57.2 seconds at London's White City track in 1957 to add to the bronze medal he won in the 5,000 metres in the Melbourne ('56) Olympics. His last race as an amateur was in 1966.

Finally, Derek was full of praise for Manchester City's "captain courageous" Tony Book, one of the oldest players currently playing in a European tournament. "He's strong, fast and thinks well. What a player. And what a pity he didn't enjoy First Division football ten years ago."



Devrindt comeback against Denmark

FOR a number of years Johan Devrindt played for Anderlecht in Belgium. But when the Brussels club bought Jan Mulder, then an unknown Dutch amateur, things began to change. Mulder rapidly developed into one of the most dangerous strikers in the game and as he improved Devrindt's form suffered.

Devrindt eventually became a second string and began thinking about his future. He decided to change countries and moved to Holland to start a new career with PSV Eindhoven.

But Devrindt could not completely satisfy his new employers and after a rousing start found himself out of the first team. He even doubted the wisdom of his decision to leave Anderlecht.

It took the Cup Winners Cup competition to prove Devrindt's value. He scored a decisive goal against Gottwaldov in the first round and another against Steau Bucharest.

Since then Devrindt has kept his place and was delighted to learn that he had been selected for Belgium against Denmark in the European Championship.

Devrindt responded magnificently, scoring both the Belgium goals in a 2-0 win.

Milan—talk of the town!

MILAN are the talk of town and country at the moment, a stark and likeable contrast to the ineptitude displayed by Inter in every department of club management.

At the present rate of striking they may even score 70 or 80 goals this season, which would be laughably acceptable. Villa's usefulness was psychological as well as tactical, for he has reminded Prati and Combin how it should—and can—be done. Prati has resumed normal service on the left, Combin is basking in the free space he has been given out on the right.

Combin's ability to beat men in confined spaces has never been doubted, and now that he is under strict instructions from Rocco that force him to cross the ball quickly and accurately, he is as popular as he was in those first euphoric, expectant days of last season.

Transcends

In August I stated my hope that Combin would come good, and he has. For some players one has a fatalistic affection that transcends considerations of talent and effectiveness, and Combin is one of that breed.

Look at the Milan line-up and one can see why most commentators take the name on next May's *scudetto* as read. Cudicini—the most Saxon in style of contemporary Italian goalkeepers—is still wonderfully dependable.

At *libero*, Schnellinger, his style admirably adapted to Italianate conditions, and in front of him Anquilletti, Rosato and Trapattoni, with Maldera as more than useful cover. In midfield Benetti, Biasiolo and Rivera, the latter pushed forward to lie behind the trio of strikers—Combin, Villa and Prati.

The usefulness of Combin, the genius of Rivera were sadly missed as AC Milan went to Varese and could only take a point. But in the preceding five games they liquidised the opposition, scoring 16 goals and conceding merely four.

PHILIP EVANS

Speaking Personally

LESLIE VERNON

Utopia or realistic appraisal?

THE manager walked into the dressing-room 20 minutes before the kick-off, tight-lipped but admirably calm. The boys were sitting around in a semi-circle in their usual all-white strip, with the slogan clearly legible on their shirts, "Beanz meanz Heinz", and on their pants "Smellizol kills all known germs".

"I am now going to give you my detailed technical instructions," said this sage, who only recently was elected as the "manager of the week" by the Coal Board. "If you foul anyone, pick him up and pat him on the head (not too hard), applaud every time the ref blows his whistle, and sing, 'For he's a jolly good fellow' at the end of the match. This will surely put us on top of the Ford Sporting League.

"You, Johnny, at the back, go in as hard as you like, remember the 'bravest player of the day' gets five Mars bars per week for life. Roger, in goal, you just crouch down at the far post and make every save look difficult. The best goalkeeper of the day gets five gallons of milk and ½ lb. of cheese from the Milk Marketing Board. Mike, stay near the touchline and keep your shirt clean. We are in line for the Daz award, which means three hundredweight of detergent free to the club. And remember, boys, if we score 29 goals in our last three games, we'll be playing in the Watney Cup next season."

EXPRESSED

On his way out, he turned back suddenly. "I nearly forgot, try to win the bloody match, I want to be the manager of the month, because I am running short of whisky!"

Is this sheer Utopia or a realistic appraisal of the shape of things to come? When sponsorship in football was legalised, I expressed some concern in this column. Now, after six months' trial period, one can be more definite with regard to this rather tricky subject. I would put the influence of outside commercial interests in four categories.

1. Sponsoring of benefit matches such as the West Ham v. Celtic, Bobby Moore testimonial. This was a brilliant game of football, far the best I have seen this season. Celtic haven't played in London for years.

All praise to Esso for bringing them here, and I sincerely hope that they will finance further visits from Santos, Nacional, Penarol, Milan, Feyenoord and other world-class teams who hardly ever come to England.

This match was great propaganda for football, Bobby received a well-deserved sizeable cheque, Celtic were paid handsomely and Esso gained a certain amount of good-will. The entire enterprise was wholly beneficial to all concerned.

The same applies, to a lesser degree, to the "Daily Express" five-a-side competition, which, to all accounts, was a great sporting success.

2. Sponsorship of tournaments such as the Home Championship or the Football League Cup. These competitions are well established and are profit-making enterprises. There is no real need to hang a commercial label on them which would damage their image. On the other hand, the FA and the FL are always after more revenue, not only for their own benefit, but in order to help small struggling clubs or finance training schemes. I would accept sponsorship on these grounds, but would regret a certain loss of dignity.

3. Individual or team awards which have no direct influence on the game. The Ford award obviously has the right motivation, but in the heat of a match no one is seriously thinking of gaining points on a purely arbitrary League table. The other weekly, monthly or yearly awards are completely meaningless and benefit only those fortunate individuals who least need any additional income.

The only prize I'd like to see in this category is one given to the top scorers of each Division. This is a popular common practice on the Continent and adds to the glamour and interest of the domestic competitions.

4. The introduction of new sponsored tournaments (Texaco Cup, Watney Cup, etc.). I am completely against these meaningless competitions, which only clutter up the over-loaded fixture lists. Too much football is bad for the game. The players become jaded (indeed, several English clubs put up only a token resistance in the Texaco Cup), and the customers cannot afford to watch football twice a week, regularly.

The surfeit of various silly tournaments only diminishes the importance of the really serious ones—no wonder that attendances are falling at League matches. The goose that laid . . . should be protected, and the Football League should actively discourage this form of outside commercial interference.

I believe that if these guidelines are strictly adhered to, commercial sponsorship could be of considerable benefit to the future of the game, but if greed prevails, then we would reach the stage where my mythical tactical talk would be only painfully close to the truth.

Following Mexico, Sir Alf Ramsey was adamant that his tactics were right considering the players at his disposal. Yet against East Germany last month, he wisely changed his 4-4-2 into a more constructive 4-3-3 with exactly the same players, and the outcome was a refreshingly excellent display.

All praise to the England team, and it is comforting to know that Sir Alf does listen to good advice, even though he pretends otherwise. One day he might shock us all by admitting that he could possibly have made a tiny mistake.

I enjoyed the Wembley international, but the shirt-changing "ceremony" after the final whistle annoyed me. This habit of unrobing publicly has become so fashionable, that some players seem to spend the entire 90 minutes of a match wondering whose shirt they are going to bid for afterwards. By the time they line up for the National Anthem or trot around with the Cup (any Cup!), only a few of them are still wearing their own jerseys, the lucky ones (?), those of the opposition, and two or three are as nature intended.

This might be a small point, but I find it irritating—this sweaty-shirt swapping should be done "en masse" after the match in the dressing-rooms with the help of the trainers.

'De Klokke' for Chelsea

Report by ARTHUR ROTMIL

FEW teams confirm through their performances the value of home advantage to such an extent as the Belgian Cup-holders Bruges—or to give them their rightful name: FC Brugge. Chelsea's quarter-final opponents in the Cup Winners Cup have proved themselves, in three seasons of European competitions, to be unbeatable at home—but without a single away win to their credit! Last season Brugge dropped only one point in 15 home league matches—against the champions Standard Liege. But they were the top scorers with 75 goals (11 more than the champs) and finished runners-up, in addition to winning the Belgian FA Cup.

Brugge's own ground, called "De Klokke", holds only 23,000 spectators, of whom 4,000 are seated, but 17,000 under cover. They boast their version of the "Kop", which one hour before the game starts singing and chanting—incidentally, the most famous Belgian soccer-song "Allez les mauves et blancs" (sung by Brugge fans in Flemish, of course) has already been copied in recent years by many British crowds following the repeated visits of Anderlecht and Standard Liege supporters.

But the unique atmosphere at "De Klokke" during a European Cup-tie has to be experienced to be believed. This season, the German Cup-holders and in the next round even a Polish referee (!) were greeted with shouts of "Gestapo, Gestapo".

Little wonder that all visiting teams were beaten here decisively, beginning with West Bromwich Albion by 3-1 (CWC—1968-69), Sabadell of Spain 5-1 and Ujpest-Dozsa 5-2, both in last year's Fairs Cup, whilst Kickers Offenbach 2-0 and Zürich 2-0 were the CWC victims this term. But the away results against these sides run like this: 0-2, 0-2, 0-3, 1-2 and 2-3 respectively! *Another significant fact is that Brugge have never lost a European tie—except under the "away-goals-count-double" ruling.*

Founded in 1891, Brugge only rose to prominence in the last couple of years and their sole domestic successes so far have been the two Cup triumphs in 1968 and 1970. They were the only First Division club who have not made any expensive signings at the start of this season. Earlier, two years running, Brugge like all other clubs here, looked for reinforcements abroad.

Engaged

They were then managed by Constant Vandenstock, who was also the national team coach, and he engaged the Swedes Axelsson and Turesson, the Austrians Loske and Maier, plus the German Reisch. The club won its first trophy (Cup, 1968) but following some differences of opinion Vandenstock left and was replaced by the former Dutch international goalkeeper Frans de Munck, who brought with him two compatriots Houwaart and Rensenbrink. The team promptly repeated their Cup victory by defeating Daring of Brussels by 6-1 in last season's final.

Despite a reasonable average gate of 15,000, the management could not afford new stars and in fact swept out some of the surplus imports. Maier and Loske moved to other Belgian clubs, Reisch departed for Switzerland (FC Basle) and Turesson returned to Sweden.

Brugge have a strong defence marshalled by the Swedish World Cup stopper Kurt Axelsson (29—24 caps) who, following a couple of injuries, has not been quite so dominant and was lately overshadowed by his partner Edwin Vandendaele (25), renowned for his upfield sorties.

They are supported by the tough tackling full-backs Bastyns (23) and the rugged Moelaert (27). Behind them is Sanders (25) in goal, having now taken over from the veteran international Ferdinand Boone (36—seven caps).

In midfield they have two tireless carriers in Houwaart (25—two Dutch caps) and Marmenhout (25), who wears No. 9, but plays just in front of his defenders. The chief organiser is the tall team-captain Pierre Carteus (27—one cap), who has a deceptive stride and potent shot.

Nominal

The most dangerous striker is Raoul Lambert (26—five caps), who was voted the best Belgian player in the Mexico World Cup. Last season Lambert missed six games through injury, yet was the League's second highest scorer with 25 goals. Of the nominal wing-men Rensenbrink (23—four caps for Holland) is quick off the mark and packs a fine shot, whilst Johnny Thio (26—five caps) is feared for his swerving free-kicks.

Incidentally, Rensenbrink will be no stranger to Chelsea, for he played for DWS Amsterdam two years ago, when the Dutch knocked Chelsea out of the Fairs Cup after two goalless draws—on a toss of a coin!

Raoul Lambert, likely to prove a thorn in the Chelsea defence.

In Belgium's first international since the World Cup (v. France), Bastyns, Vandendaele and Carteus gained their first caps, whilst Thio came on as a second-half substitute. In the most recent game v. Denmark, Vandendaele, Thio, Carteus and Lambert performed well in the 2-0 win. Yes, Brugge are no pushovers — especially at "De Klokke"!

WORLD CUP ATTENDANCES

FIFA has made its first payment of 2,055,000 US dollars (around £880,000) to the Football Associations which participated in the World Cup finals in Mexico this year. A Press communique said that the remaining payment would be made by February of next year. FIFA said the final balance would be confirmed by the FIFA organising committee at its January 6 meeting in Athens.

FIFA also released a breakdown of World Cup attendances. A total of 1,673,975 tickets were sold and the biggest crowd for any one game was the 108,192 which watched the group one match between Mexico and Belgium at the Aztec Stadium in Mexico City.

The final between Brazil and Italy attracted a crowd of 107,412 while 104,403 watched the third match between Uruguay and West Germany.

RON HARRIS column as told to Gregory Tesser

David Webb scores the only goal of the Chelsea-CSKA match at Stamford Bridge.

LAMBERT IS THE PLAYER TO WATCH

OUR European Cup Winners Cup second leg against CSKA Sofia was in many ways very much of an anti-climax.

After playing probably our best football of the season in Bulgaria, and winning the first leg 1-0, I suppose many of our supporters expected a rout at Stamford Bridge. And although we played some excellent football in the return match, the goals, apart from Dave Webb's effort, simply would not come.

But still we won the tie 2-0 on aggregate, and are now through to the quarter-finals, where we will meet Bruges from Belgium in March. Bruges finished in second position in the Belgium First Division last season, so will undoubtedly be a very hard nut to crack.

They are, from all accounts, a fine attacking outfit and in striker Raoul Lambert they possess one of the most lethal goal-aces in European soccer.

The last English side to meet Bruges was West Bromwich Albion, and the match in Belgium was marred by a general free-for-all, which began when striker Jeff Astle was knocked out. The bad behaviour on the field then began to filter through to the partisan crowd, and the match became a disgrace to European soccer.

Inexpensive

Obviously we don't want a repetition of this when we play in Belgium on March 10, and I am convinced that this time sanity will prevail. The Belgian people are essentially very warm, and unlike some other overseas countries, are not at all anti-British.

I have been told that literally hundreds of Chelsea fans will be making the short and comparatively inexpensive trip to Bruges, which will obviously help myself and the rest of the lads to obtain a satisfactory result.

If you are not quite sure of the details in connection with the trip, then just contact our pools organiser, Pat Abel. At the same time, why not also become a Chelsea pools agent. Pat was telling me only the other day that we are now third in the Pools League, just behind Coventry City and Manchester United. The top prize so far this season has been in the region of £500, and the fact that there are now 50,000 members means that Pat and her colleagues have trebled the membership since the beginning of the season!

Football is a funny game, isn't it? Since I last wrote, we have played in what was without question the best match of the season so far, namely our home First Division clash with Tottenham Hotspur.

If you remember, the rain was literally teeming down—in fact, parts of the pitch resembled a mini lake. Both Alan Mullery and myself were asked by the referee if we wished to carry on, and although conditions were appalling we were both unanimous in our answer. We both felt most sincerely that with nearly 62,000 fans in the ground we should carry on.

And what a strange encounter it turned out to be. We dominated the game in almost every aspect, and but for the brilliant goalkeeping of Pat Jennings we could well have been at least two goals to the good. Then in the second minute of injury time Spurs, much to their own surprise I think, scored with a vicious volley from Mullery and a few seconds later Jimmy Pearce made the score 2-0!

A large proportion of the huge crowd missed both goals, and must have been tremendously surprised when they heard the result.

So, against Spurs we played really well yet lost. But the following Saturday we served up one of our most lack-lustre performances of the season against Stoke City, but were still able to win 2-1. Probably the most pleasing thing to emerge from this game was "Ossie's" superb header which easily beat Gordon Banks and gave us our first goal.

As I have already said, football is certainly a funny game. You can play well and lose, and then seven days later play well below form yet pick up two valuable points. It doesn't make sense, does it!

Finally this month, just a word about Peter Bonetti's benefit year. As you have probably read in the national press, it is hoped that we will play the crack Brazilian side Santos—Pelé and all.

At the time of writing it certainly looks as if we are in fact going to play the Brazilians, and if that is the case then we can all be sure that there will be a capacity crowd, something which "Catty" deserves for his long, loyal service to Chelsea.

SEVILLE GO IT A

TODAY, Seville are one of the most feared sides in Spain ... yet three years ago they were down and looked very much out. No one in this country visualised their sensational recovery, although no doubt England's God-like armchair critics did.

They spent only one year in the lower division, were promoted as really impressive champions in 1968–69 ... and last year were the surprise team of Division I. They were as good as the fashionable élite and far better than the rest. But for a superiority complex, they might well have won the national title.

Unfortunately that complex still lingers. Convinced that they would be the 1970–71 champions ... "I want nothing less than the League title, fourth or fifth place is no good to me," said their manager, Max Merkel ... they set out on a pre-season five-match tour of Germany and Austria, only a week after returning from summer vacations.

What a disaster that turned out to be. Five heavy defeats, club and individual reputations ground in the dust, and morale so low that after a succession of defeats in the August invitation tournaments, Seville found themselves being talked about as relegation favourites.

Max Merkel, the controversial manager of Seville, has helped rejuvenate the Spanish club.

But immediately the League programme opened came an amazing transformation. Seville were again at their workmanlike best and at once proved that last season's triumphs—and irregularities—were no accident.

Local enthusiasts attribute Seville's resurgence to their irrepressible Austrian manager, Max Merkel ... but the less fickle folk remember that it was the tremendous direction of president Ramon Cisneros and manager Juan Arza, and the determination and dedication of the players, that took the club back to the Premier league in one season.

It was not until then that Max Merkel, manager of several famous German clubs when they gained honours, and with a reputation as a strict disciplinarian, came on to the scene. At that time it was doubtful whether president Cisneros or his board realised what they were letting themselves in for ... or rather to what they had committed their players.

Confidence

Merkel is fanatically stringent with his tough training methods and revolutionary in his psychological approach. He has broken many Spanish customs and traditions (long overdue) and has given the team fitness and confidence. He has made no secret of the fact—by his answers when questioned about other clubs reported to be seeking his services—that he is ambitious and as soon as it suits him, which may be soon, he will move on.

Seville, because of Max, or in spite of him, have produced results. Yet, except for the hysterical publicity that always descends on his head and no one else's, there is nothing to suggest that the same Seville players—the same who went down, came up and startled the football scene in Spain—could not have done as well under another manager.

The commando methods being used at the labour camp of Estadio Sanchez Pizjuan ... the "Commandments of Max Merkel" they shalt not, thou shalt not, they shalt, which written down would run into volumes ... and the discipline which is turning the players into robots, have caused the biggest wave of criticism from Spanish technical circles for many a long year. Ronnie Allen's methods were considered stern and tough, but Ronnie has the gentleness of a hospital nurse in comparison.

Hita of Seville, recently selected for the Spanish national squad by team manager Kubala. (Photo: Eulogio.)

Most managers and coaches express strong disapproval—some, naturally, because their own methods fail or they are of the old school—of the excessive hard labour methods. But they admit that such ideas will probably bring a period of playing success to Seville (or any other club in similar circumstances) but in doing so will burn the players out. They maintain that the career of a footballer under a Merkel-type régime is cut short by two years because of the tremendous psychological, physical and mental pressures the system creates.

COULD LONE . . .

NORMAN CUTLER discusses the recovery of SEVILLE

They have no doubt, that while Seville has been successful to a point, they will never be great. Merkel's methods brainwash the players to a point degree where they unconsciously consider themselves a superior, master-breed. Last season it created an arrogant, superiority complex (and it still lingers) which brought their downfall. Those defeats by Elche (0-5), Sabadell (1-2), Coruna (0-3) and Pontevedra (2-3) ... the last two were relegated ... were nothing more or less than a "this is easy" attitude. So was that 2-4 defeat by Third Division Murcia in the First Round of the Cup.

Discipline ... dedication ... work and more work ... is all right. It is the secret of all successful clubs and football needs more of it. But it must be tempered by human understanding, sympathy when things are going wrong, and the realisation that footballers are not machines and can only give—and take—so much.

"The secret of *my success* is work, work, work and more work. Morning, noon and night," says Max Merkel. What happened to those players I saw around? They are in fact voiceless and faceless, yet nevertheless, it is *them* who are making things difficult for the fashionable millionaire clubs.

Brilliant

Who are they? Well, there's the two Kubala boys ... the brilliant winger Enrique Lora, star of Spain's defeat of West Germany last season ... and new international Hita (half-back). Alberto Bergara, for several years one of the League leading goal-scorers, now often a substitute because manager Merkel doesn't like the lurking, opportunist type of forward. Antonio Eloy, a shrewd, clever inspiration of the attack, dropped (but quickly brought back) because he was forced by two shadows and opposing tactics to distribute in a manner contrary to instructions.

Costas the veteran captain ... the two Paraguayans, Rafael Tonanes and Bernado Acostas ... goalkeeper Rodri ... Toni, Santos, Chachon, Pazos and the ever-dangerous left-winger, Berruezo. These are the heroes of Seville, who do so much yet remain in the shadow of The Master.

'Merkel is fanatically stringent with his training methods'

Stories and jottings about Max Merkel himself are legion ... they run into as many volumes as his "Commandments".

I always remember talking to a VIP at the offices of football's most respected legislative body. He asked how Merkel was getting on in Seville. "Well," I said, "he's getting the results, but his methods. ..." He interrupted me and laughed. "I know ... I know ... that's Max, you'll never change him."

Statement

When Seville beat Real Madrid Max slipped away before the end. Later asked to explain why, he said "... so all the congratulations would go to the players." The man's a natural public relations expert ... that statement hit the headlines in almost every newspaper in Spain.

Rule by fear? Recently I was taking photographs at a Seville match and moved to shake hands with a player I had known intimately for years. He deliberately turned away and out of the corner of his mouth, like some criminal, said: "I mustn't. 'The Mister' is watching."

Lora of Seville, Spain's most important wing discovery of recent years. (Photo: Eulogio.)

A glimpse behind the scenes in Seville is revealing, but it doesn't alter the fact they are much feared in Spain.

Max Merkel always has the last word at the labour camp ... I'll let him have it here: "Seville is not good enough to win the Championship. They are young, fighters ... but lack technique," he says. Isn't that what managers are for?

ADO STILL AT THE TOP

from HANS MOLENAAR in Holland

Willi Hippens of Rot Weiss Essen posing for a Dutch cameraman. He is in the news because Feyenoord hope to buy him from the German club.

HOLLAND'S failure in two European Championship matches against Yugoslavia and East Germany means that already they can virtually turn all their attentions to concentrating on the 1974 World Cup!

Conflict between the FA and national team manager Dr. Fadrhonc arose when the governing body refused to help matters by postponing the PSV Eindhoven v. Feyenoord Cup tie which was scheduled to be played just before the game in Dresden against the Germans.

No fewer than eight of the selected squad for the game took part in that match. Disastrously it went to extra time which made matters even worse and Willy Van der Kuylen, centre-forward for PSV and Holland, was seriously injured in this gruelling match and missed the international. Feyenoord, incidentally, won the tie on penalties.

Assured

After the match, however, their attitude changed completely. Fadrhonc was assured of every assistance in the future. Pity they had to learn the hard way.

First victims of the new country first rule were FC Twente. Due to meet Dynamo Zagreb on December 2 and 9 the Dutch FA refused them permission to play the first match on that arranged date for they fixed up a friendly with Rumania.

Twente, with at least two players in the squad for the match, had to postpone the game even though it wasn't certain that those two would be playing. This new get-tough policy meant the return of two exiles. Left-winger Rensenbrink was drafted in from Bruges and Jan Mulder from Anderlecht.

Surprise choice was Willi Lippens, a German playing naturally in the Bundesliga. His parents were Dutch and therefore he qualifies for Holland. He has also come under the microscope of Feyenoord. A regular goal-getter, he could be a great asset to them if they can persuade him to move.

Last month there was another short period in which players who were originally transfer-listed during the summer can again be bought if they haven't already gone and in which foreigners can be purchased. In this time the Rotterdam club were hoping they could get him to join them along with Jurgen Grabowski, the winger whose prowess has long interested them.

Contract

Meanwhile, things have quietened down at Ajax though the sensational yet hardly surprising news is that Johann Cruyff will not be asked to honour his contract after the present season. If Ajax receive an offer of at least £150,000 then they will permit the idol of all Holland to leave.

Cruyff has long hankered after a move to somewhere like Spain or Italy, where he hopes to earn higher wages. Where he ends up, though, could depend on whether both those countries lift their restrictions of foreigners. There shouldn't be a shortage of bidders for one of the world's greatest forwards.

In the Dutch FA Cup only nine First Division teams won through to the last 16. Ajax, Feyenoord, ADO den Haag, NEC Nijmegen, DWS Amsterdam, Holland Sport the Hague, Twente of Enschede, Haarlem and Sparta Rotterdam. They were joined by five clubs from the Second Division and two from the Third.

In the League it is still very much the amazing ADO who lead everyone with a group of five teams chasing hard. After 13 games they maintained a three-point lead over Sparta Rotterdam, who had 21 points, four over Feyenoord and Twente and five over Ajax and PSV.

Ajax answered some of their critics by clocking up the biggest win of the season to date with their 8-1 victory over luckless AZ '67 Alkmaar, coached by Robert Heinz, former manager of Luxembourg. His club now have the unenviable goal average of 7 for and 35 against.

Finally, a happy ending to an unhappy year for the national team. Dr. Fadrhonc led his new-look side to victory in the friendly over Rumania by two goals to nil, both goals coming from Johan Cruyff, who was at last back in the side.

The team bore little resemblance to those in the previous matches, however. Recent discovery Johan Neeskens, also of Ajax, made his début in the engine room of the team and despite his relative lack of experience (he's only 19), he did well behind a re-shaped forward line which called on the talents of Theo Pahlplatz (Twente), Jan Mulder plus Cruyff and team-mate Piet Keizer.

This was a fine effort from the Dutch, who also had two goals disallowed for offside. Cruyff's goals, though, confirmed his return to form and showed that the six in a row he notched in that 8-1 victory wasn't a fluke.

ENGLAND VICTORY WELL RECEIVED

WHEN heads as distinguished as Gordon Banks and Bobby Charlton rolled before England's opening skirmish of the season with East Germany, the excessive zeal which greeted their 3-1 victory disguised, I am certain, a huge sigh of relief. For after feeding sparingly on past triumphs, England badly needed a victory on which to build their hopes for the future.

In such circumstances, the East Germans proved ideal children in the wilderness, making mockery of their valiant efforts a year or so ago to eliminate Italy, eventual finalists, in the preliminary rounds of the World Cup. For whatever tactical hints they picked up against the Italians they have clearly lost them completely during the close season.

The British press built up the Germans to a crescendo, lauding 5-0 wins over Poland and Luxembourg as though Brazil themselves had been humbled in Dresden. Yet the critical match for evaluation was East Germany's laborious win over the Netherlands by a single goal—a game which exposed the weakness of their forwards and their lack of cohesion between attack and defence.

Nervous

This disorganisation was magnified at Wembley by that curious malaise which strikes down even the most accomplished sides, a paralysing nervous condition that apparently prevents a foreign player from passing or controlling the ball correctly for several minutes. The East Germans began in such disarray and committed themselves to such tentative tactics, that it was only when they were already two goals in arrears that the effect began to wear off.

Nothing else could explain a situation in which Francis Lee finished off a one-two with Geoff Hurst with a carbon copy of a move that only moments earlier had almost produced a goal. The Germans were marking in such bungling fashion, tight on a man, without a sweeper and leaving huge areas of undefended space behind them, that Newport County could scarcely have failed to score. And the second goal, a deliberate shot by Martin Peters past the unsighted goalkeeper, stemmed directly from the East Germans' huge indecision in the penalty area.

It was only at 2-0, and more particularly at 2-1 after Eberhard Vogel had scored a magnificent goal, that East Germany began to play to their full potential. From that moment we saw combination play at high speed, thrusting deep into the English defence; and only a slightly fortuitous save with his legs by Peter Shilton prevented an equaliser.

'Hurst became his old buoyant self, puffed cheeks and heaving chest'

says **ROGER MACDONALD**

Yet throughout the Germans seemed to regard midfield as an area of no significance, leaving yawning gaps between their hopelessly square rearguard and their front row of Peter Ducke, Vogel and Hans-Jurgen Kreische. True, the lighthouse beacon of their defence, Klaus Sammer, did begin to move up late in the match, but he always seemed to be arriving at the wrong end of the pitch to the movement of play, rather like a man running up a down escalator.

Popular press

There is an acute danger, of course, of dismissing the East Germans so completely as to devalue England's performance unfairly—to counter the chauvinism of the popular press with cynical Anglophobia. England, after all, did score three goals—which was more than we ever saw during the World Cup.

Three factors, I feel, explained the unexpected sharpness of the England attack. First the return to normal atmospheric conditions, which heralded the rehabilitation of Lee, whose range of skills and sheer persistency kept the opposition under pressure—certainly his best performance of the season. Secondly the selection of Allan Clarke, so deceptively fragile, so deadly a finisher. He scored one goal and deserved at least one more, when he dispossessed a defender and flashed his shot past Croy and the near post. Thirdly the stunning performance of Geoff Hurst, decidedly the best player on the field.

Hurst laid the ball off so marvellously for Lee and Clarke that the Germans put more and more men on him, until he was still outjumping four defenders, and in front of Croy in the German goal was a yawning chasm. With West Ham, Hurst's indefatigable work in the penalty area goes largely to waste, but at Wembley, as he saw more and more of his passes snapped up by his fellow attackers, Hurst became his old buoyant self; he strode around with puffed cheeks and heaving chest, obviously enjoying himself on a busman's holiday.

Challenged

Some of the credit, for all Hurst's brilliance, must go to England's midfield of Alan Mullery, Alan Ball and Martin Peters, who combined with splendid imagination, and challenged for the ball vigorously whenever they lost possession. Even allowing for the fact that East Germany made no provision for harassment, it was fair to say that Bobby Charlton was never missed.

It is easy to conclude that England should have abandoned 4-4-2 in favour of 4-3-3 long ago, that any system with two strikers was unimaginative, and downright disastrous in the climatic conditions of the World Cup. That may be so; yet defence and attack have to be weighed in the scales, and Sir Alf Ramsey evidently did not feel, in Mexico, that England's defence could be reduced in numbers and still remain secure.

Observed

As Brian Glanville observed last month, centre-halves as a breed seem to have vanished off the face of the earth; and England scarcely possess one who can be left to his own devices. Brian Labone is out of touch; Jackie Charlton dangerously short on speed; and Roy McFarland plagued by injuries, which in turn have prevented him from gaining the international experience he needs.

As for David Sadler, one feels his selection was merely a stop-gap move, for Sadler lacks the confidence in the air ever to make a go of the position at international level. Even with Bobby Moore as commanding as ever in support, there were moments with Sadler when one's hand went to one's mouth.

TRAVEL IS A PROBLEM IN NORWAY

ERIC BATTY talks to NICOLAI JOHANSEN

(Secretary of the Norwegian FA)

IN terms of professional football and World Cup standards we recognise that ours is an insignificant little country and no one here can even remotely imagine circumstances in which we could introduce professionalism and seriously challenge the top countries.

But this doesn't mean that we're just sitting back accepting the inevitable defeat every time we meet England, Italy, West Germany and Brazil. In fact, many people will recall we beat France 1-0 in Strasbourg in a 1970 World Cup qualifying round match and the Oslo club Lyn met CF Barcelona in the 1968–69 European Cup Winners Cup and put on a fine performance. Lyn beat Izmir (Turkey) and Norrkoping (Sweden) to reach the quarter-finals before they clashed with the Spaniards.

This tie with CF Barcelona and its sequel brings some of our biggest problems into perspective. First, of course, Norway is a very big country in terms of land mass but very small in terms of people. Four million spread over a country the size of ours means sparse population per square mile and very few big towns.

But we have a great many enthusiasts and hard-working people who have formed and kept going more 1,200 clubs who between them field 2,000 teams in regular league competitions. But having to travel over enormous distances is a real handicap, for travel is both costly and time consuming.

Journeys

In the First Division, for example, the northernmost club is Rosenborg who play in Trondheim, while the most southerly club is in Stavanger. Matches between these two clubs involve journeys of 600 miles each way.

In the FA Cup, which is open to all, teams from the far north, well inside the Arctic circle, are frequently drawn to meet clubs from Oslo or the south. In the 1970 competition, one tie involved Skeid Oslo versus a team called Nidelv who play in Narvik, and though this is not the biggest possible distance that a club may be forced to travel, the unheard-of Nidelv had a round trip of more than 2,000 miles to meet Skeid.

Against this background—big country, very sparsely populated and with many small towns well spread out, we can never produce a fully professionalised league championship even limiting this to Division I, and as a result we seem destined to be forever one of the little countries.

But even now we haven't mentioned the biggest single problem which is very simply . . . to keep the best players at home, here in Norway. Of course, it is easy to understand that good players are tempted to join professional clubs abroad, but the fact remains that time after time, very good players indeed pop up in this country and are promptly whisked away.

Settled

Before the Lyn-Barcelona games already mentioned, the Oslo club had already won the 1968 Norwegian championship and remained at full strength for their Fairs Cup bid. But as soon as that was settled Lyn's outstanding inside-forward Harald Berg was transferred to the Dutch club ADO (The Hague) and within a few weeks of the start of the 1969–70 Dutch championship Berg was top scorer in the Dutch First Division. At the time of writing they are leading the field in Holland, ahead of Feyenoord, the European Cup holders, and Ajax Amsterdam.

Of all our headaches in Norwegian football this continual draining away of our best players is the insoluble one. This season, after helping Rosenborg (Trondheim) win the 1969 championship their two outstanding forwards Odd Iversen and Harald Sunde are now playing in Belgium and we just have to accept the fact that being unable to introduce full professionalism we shall never be able to solve this problem.

Goethels under fire after French defeat

FOLLOWING a poor showing in the Mexico Mundial, Belgium's national team boss Raymond Goethels found himself under fire after his team crashed 2-1 at home to France at the Heysel stadium in Brussels. Only one day "in camp" before this game didn't help and neither did written requests from stars Paul Van Himst and Wilfried Puis not to be capped again.

Goethels' response was to ignore the club they both play for—RSC Anderlecht altogether, though he did recall right-back Heylens for the European Championship game with Denmark. Thanks to a couple of goals from former Anderlecht centre-forward Johan Devrindt (now in Holland with PSV) Belgium beat the Dunes 2-0.

In the league race Anderlecht suffered another blow when losing 0-1 at home to arch-enemies Royal Standard FC Liege. Having recently hammered their other major rivals, FC Bruges (4-0), Standard should be in a commanding position and would be but for the error of adding a foreign substitute to overstep the maximum number of foreigners rule.

Still unbeaten on the field: won nine and drawn four for 33 goals to five, Standard will surely lose two points (and a 0-5 result) when the case is heard. This will cut their lead at the top to one point. Standard's neighbours Waregem helped out with a 1-0 win over Anderlecht but it will be a close thing all the way, it seems.

EXIT PERMITS REFUSED FOR CSSR STARS

Josef Masopust, now back in Czechoslovakia.

"THE political background of our country does not agree with CSSR sportsmen going to other countries for financial gain. No sportsman from Czechoslovakia will be allowed to leave the CSSR to be a professional player or coach."

These words of Oldrich Hradec, chairman of the CSSR-Sports-federation, have put an end to speculation about Czech coaches and players coming to the West.

One of the last to leave his homeland was Vaclav Jezek, coach of ADO, whose contract expires on June 30, 1972. He will then have to return to Czechoslovakia and if nothing has changed by then—and there are no signs of any change—the Dutch club will have to find another coach.

All CSSR coaches in foreign countries, like Stastny who is the national team manager in Austria, will have to return to their country eventually. In Austria officials are already trying to find a successor for Mr. Stastny.

Vaclav Jezek went back to Prague a few months ago and was unofficially approached with an offer to become team manager of the Czech national team. Jezek declined the offer, although he would have liked to accept it. But he told both officials in Prague and "others" who tried to persuade him, that it was not in the general interests of Czechoslovakia football for him to break his contract.

Organisation

This is quite a curious affair: Jezek has two contracts, one with ADO and one with a CSSR sports organisation which "looks after the interests of CSSR sportsmen all over the world".

This organisation is the only one which can hand out official permits for CSSR sportsmen to leave. Jezek, for example, has a contract for three years. He has to pay £40 each month but in return the organisation pays "room and board" in Holland.

One of the players who was called back this year is Josef Masopust, who is now helping as an assistant manager in Prague. He is with his old club. Dukla. This officer of the CSSR army was granted permission to stay in Belgium for a while but the radical change in the political climate in his country has forced him to return to Czechoslovakia.

★ Hans Molenaar

SPORTING LEAD IN PORTUGAL

HAVING appeased their many irate supporters somewhat by beating neighbours (and champions) Sporting, 3-1 in last season's Cup Final, Benfica only temporarily postponed a showdown with their fans. Eleven games into the new season and Sporting are out in front again, unbeaten with nine wins and two draws and a goals tally of 22 to 2!

Academica (Coimbra) follow, three points away with Setubal third and Benfica, beaten 2-0 by Setubal, in fourth place and six points from the top. Players' spokesman Simoes complains manager Jimmy Hagan is working us too hard, but so far at least the Board support Hagan.

Although Benfica rattled up some big scores against poor opposition, 7-0 against Tirsense and 5-0 against Leixoes, the tighter teams seem able to hold Benfica, whose top man attack-wise nowadays is Artur Jorge (with ten league goals), and Eusebio only a shadow of his former goal-hungry self.

Vitoria Guimaraes showed the leaders are not unstoppable, however, when they held Sporting to 0-0 recently, but Guimaraes are expert at the organised defensive game. Thus far their league performances have brought one win, six draws and four defeats but they've scored only seven goals in 11 games.

Jaime Mosquera, Sporting's £28,000 buy from Peru (where he was top scorer in 1969) has settled in nicely and chipped in with a vital goal in Sporting's hard fought 2-1 win over Porto FC. The other Lisbon club, Belenenses, is finding it hard going, however, and after holding Benfica to 1-1 at their own Estadio Restelo they've slipped further and further down.

Currently they are third from bottom, with Barreirense (regular commuters between the two top divisions) in last place, and the last but one spot shared by Leixoes and Belenenses with seven points each from 11 games. Barreirense incidentally are the only team still seeking their first league victory, almost at the half-way mark.

Rimel award for Norman

Norman Cutler, the Spanish correspondent of "World Soccer".

ZURICH is the financial headquarters of a Consortium of Trust companies with investments in various European capitals. This Consortium has a subsidiary known as the Rimel Sports Foundation, whose anonymous European activities are benevolent, educational and rewarding in connection with all kinds of sports. Clubs and sports organisations in distress are helped, needy education authorities are supplied with literature and equipment or helped financially, and rewards are given to worthy contributions or services to sport whether made by organisations or individuals.

In all cases efforts are made to keep the Foundation's work or benevolence anonymous.

Devoted

One specific activity is the award of prizes for worthy—interesting, uncritical, helpful, educational — contributions by newspaper and sports magazine writers. The first prizes, inaugurated two years ago, were devoted only to writers on skiing. The 1968 winners being a Swiss and a German and in 1969 an Austrian and Swiss.

Last year, 1970, the Foundation awards were extended for the first time to football and won by an Italian and Norman Cutler, World Soccer's Spanish correspondent.

The prizes are ... The Golden Award, trophy and $1,000, and The Silver Award, trophy and $500.

This year, 1971, golf and motor racing will be included.

Associate

The trustees of the Foundation receive recommendations from members and associate companies of the Consortium and decide upon the recipients. The previous year's winners (who cannot twice win an award) are invited to Zurich to take part in the final selection.

Those chosen are notified by a news agency release to the country in which they live (and to no other), and the award is sent through the Consortium's bankers in that country.

No further public announcement is made by the donors. The recipient, if he is so minded, can create his own publicity and use the award to his own advantage. The Foundation's view is that having rewarded a worthy individual or organisation, they personally require nothing further ... which together with the recent inauguration of the prizes is, no doubt, the reason why The Rimel Sports Awards are somewhat unknown.

The Foundation does provide for the recipient travelling to Zurich as their guest, at any time, to receive his trophy ... but if he prefers to continue the Foundation's anonymity or is unable to travel, the trophy is sent to him via the Consortium's bankers.

All communication must be made through the bankers in question.

FIORENTINA SLUMP

WHAT has happened to Fiorentina? With the Italian league season well under way, they languish in the lower half of the table, in constant fear of relegation. An unthinkable situation for one of the most famous clubs in Italy, who only a couple of years ago carried off the championship (writes ROGER MACDONALD).

Like the captain who sinks his ship, Fiorentina's team manager, Argentinian Bruno Pesaola, carries the brunt of the responsibility, however unfairly. The worry of it all has done little to check his receding hairline, and he chain-smokes with one hand constantly on a cigarette packet.

Worrying is almost all that is left for Pesaola to do, for after a series of disastrous defeats—including a 5-2 home thrashing by AC Milan—the club president virtually relieved him of his duties. President Baglini, an industrialist with a virtual monopoly in printing inks, has even started to pick the team.

The players found the new régime even more totalitarian than the old, and some of them have kicked against it. Baglini restored the old system of *retiro*, bringing the team together on Tuesday mornings and keeping them locked in a training camp until the match on the following Sunday. Vitali and Chiarugi, both Italian internationals, went to see Baglini on the team's behalf, and there were even threats of a strike. Baglini responded by suspending Vitali—signed from Lanerossi Vicenza for some £220,000—and fining Chiarugi nearly £750. This ended the revolt, but did little for Florentine morale.

In the Fiorentina dressing-room a new set of regulations have been posted, forbidding the players, among other things, to wear their hair beyond a certain length, to dress in anything but a prescribed manner, or to drive sports cars to the training camp. The penalty for a breach of any of these rules is a month's salary—and all bonuses, not that one is particularly likely.

But the penalty clauses in Pesaola's contract are so severe, that on the one hand he cannot afford to quit, and on the other Baglini is unlikely to fire him. Pesaola's pride evidently has a price. His contract, signed this summer, guarantees him an income of £52,000, spread over two years, even if he does nothing but sit on a wooden bench each Sunday afternoon.

Being a manager in Italy is perhaps the most precarious profession in Europe, but these days it does carry with it a certain degree of financial security. For no fewer than four managers, dismissed by their clubs, continue to draw their monthly pay cheques. Juventus are still paying *two* managers — Ercole Rabatti and Luis Carniglia, who was sacked last season and replaced by the double act of Italo Allodi and Giampiero Boniperti. Oronzo Pugliese has six more months of his salary to come from Bari; and Heriberto Herrera, fired after just five matches by Inter-Milan, can draw his wages for another year and a half.

Gianni Rivera, still the Golden Boy of Italian soccer, has played a leading part in AC Milan's success this season.

INTER SACK HERIBERTO HERRERA

by PHILIP EVANS

A WARM autumn for Heriberto Herrera, culminating in his dismissal from the post of coach to Inter. From mid-July onwards he began to feel the coals warming beneath him. It was then that Fraizzoli, the Inter chairman, sold the player Heriberto most wanted to keep—Suarez; and kept the player Heriberto was happy to be rid of—Corso.

If that was a central part of Heriberto's defence when the time for recrimination came, he himself was far from guiltless. He asked for Pellizzaro, and was given him, only to use the poor boy as a deep-lying winger, rather than as a striker—the role in which he had made his not inconsiderable reputation. The Inter players, almost *en masse*, found Heriberto cold and aloof, unable to talk their problems over, unwilling to accept the tactical changes he tried to introduce.

If Heriberto launched a good young player in Fabbian, he stuck by two not so young and less gifted players in Cella and Frustalupi. He came to loggerheads with Bedin, one of the best deep-midfield players in Italy; dithered shamefully over the future of Jair. And his rejection of Pellizzaro soon after the season started struck many outsiders as an immediate invitation towards dismissal.

Potential

The man who has succeeded him is the former youth team coach, Gianni Invernizzi, 39 years of age, himself a former Inter player of no great renown. But it couldn't have been an easy decision to make—Heriberto was on a basic salary of 60 millions a year—and it may be that Fraizzoli will sell his controlling interest in Inter before next summer closes. Bedin and Corso are firmly there now, but it would be sad were Fabbian to be sacrified on the altar of reaction for he is a potential international in the making. As for Pellizzaro—he is now back where he belongs in all senses, scoring goals for Palermo.

Another who is feeling the heat is Pesaola. Fiorentina have confounded all predictions by putting up some of the most vapid performances of the season. They lost 5-2 to Milan at home, 2-0 to Cagliari away, 2-1 to Bologna at home, and the defeats helped to focus attention on the failings of the side.

Again, it can be reasonably claimed that Pesaola—a more likeable and dedicated figure than Heriberto—has fallen victim to bad transfer deals. Amarildo and Maraschi he can do without; but Rogora was by no means one of the worst backs in the league, and Pesaola was forced at the start of the season to play two defenders for whom he simply had no admiration. Esposito has been injured. Vitali and Chiarugi simply won't blend in attack. Perhaps it was optimistic to expect that they would, for Chiarugi suffers from a powerful complex that forces him into attempted emulation of Riva.

Given this it is hardly surprising that Vitali has failed to receive the service he requires—and it has to be unsubtle, for Vitali is essentially an unsubtle and rumbustious player with only moderate ball control.

Carbon copy

Among the new lights at Fiorentina are Marchi, nephew to, and carbon copy of, Chiarugi; and Gennari, a midfield player formerly with Bologna.

On his début, against Verona, he scored a good goal, tried to make several more and handled the post-match interviews with a modesty and charm that suggested the right sort of attitude towards his place in the team's formation. But Pesaola's problems remain, and it may be that famous heads will roll before the season is out: Vitali has already been rested. Not Pesaola's own, perhaps, for on a salary of 80 millions for the year he would be an expensive supernumerary. Let's hope they come good and run clear of all the bitchiness that has circulated of late: general officiousness has been very evident in the proceedings as the dirty laundry is brought into the open.

Apropos of next season, Heriberto claims that he has already been offered the post of coach to an Italian club. Which one, he wouldn't say. It could be Juventus, it could be Fiorentina; and conversely there is talk that Pesaola will join Inter. All weighty rumour that will keep people in speculative mood until the summer. But it is worth remembering that Helenio Herrera's contract with Roma expires in June, as does Valcareggi's as national coach.

FOREIGN PLAYERS OUT OF FASHION

WORLD DIARY BY ROGER MACDONALD

THE foreign player is decidedly out of fashion. As Arthur Rotmil remarked last month, the total ban in Italy has reduced their number in even the home of the mercenary to an ageing 16. There is little chance of foreigners being readmitted, and the First Division clubs have largely given up trying for a change in the rules: for the first time since 1966, the AGM of the Italian League did not include a single motion to permit foreign-born players in domestic football.

In Spain, Barcelona head a pressure group trying to get their restrictions relaxed, and have signed an option on Cruyff of Ajax in the vain hope that foreigners will be readmitted when the five-year ban comes up for review next summer.

But Barcelona were betrayed by Real Madrid earlier this year when they tried to force through a vote in favour of foreigners —largely because, one suspects, Real can no longer afford to compete in an open market for the world's top players. For the present clubs can use only two players not born in Spain, and those must be of Spanish parentage, possessing a double nationality. So Atletico Madrid can continue to use a player like Uriate, born in Paraguay of a Spanish father—although the Spanish FA have clamped down on transfers from South America following allegations of "poaching".

Kurt Hamrin, a Swedish-born player, who has given loyal service in Italy for a number of years.

Portugal allow two foreign players per club, and a third of Portuguese parentage, but the influx of Africans (like Eusebio, from Mozambique) make restrictions largely unnecessary. Only Guimaraes, whose team includes two Brazilians, Angelo and Ademir, and a third, Zezinho, born in Rio of Portuguese parents, take full advantage of the regulations. At the last count, there were only nine full foreigners, all from South America.

England, of course, "import" a large number of players from Scotland, and there are no actual restrictions on the importation of genuinely foreign players. Instead, the FA shelters behind the requirements of the Ministry of Labour, which will not issue work permits for any post that could be filled by a Briton except to foreigners with a two-year residential qualification. So it is left to Scotland to sign overseas players and occasionally to transfer them to English clubs after the two-year period has elapsed.

Increased

Austria, like Scotland, find their best players lured abroad—mainly to West Germany—and look for replacements in other countries whenever the home talent has been found wanting. Last April the Austrian FA increased the number of foreigners permitted per club from two to three, and there are now 32 playing regularly in league football.

In the meantime the top Austrian internationals, such as Parits, Pumm and Pirkner, are among the 17 foreigners in the West German League. But here the numbers are steadily falling, because some German clubs —who are not, in the main, able to afford really big transfer fees—found that foreigners cost more than they were worth.

It is left to France, with 44 foreign-born players in the national league, and at least as many again in regional football, to fill the vacuum left by Italy and Spain. France permits two foreigners per team, but gave a special dispensation to Saint-Etienne to include a third, Spasoje Samardzic, alongside Wladimir Durkovic and the African Salif Keita. In all there are 30 Yugoslavs playing for French clubs, a situation which does little to promote the revival of French football.

But it may be that the multiplicity of regulations will discourage clubs from signing too many foreigners, and the ebb and flow of talent will eventually find a more viable level. Standard Liege, for instance, had their fingers badly burned earlier this season when they fielded more than the permitted three foreigners in a league match by substituting a German by a Yugoslav late in the game. The Belgian FA awarded the match to their opponents on a 5-0 basis.

Phenomena

Standard tried to appeal on the grounds that their German forward, Erwin Kostedde, was from a Common Market country and had a special work permit, but the FA merely added to the fine for wasting their time.

Perhaps the most curious phenomena are the old *oriundos*, as they used to call them in Italy, or non-foreigners, nationalised by long service if not by passport. Pilot of Luxembourg is one, for example, because he has been with Standard Liege for more than five years.

In Holland this rule applies after only two years, which would partly explain why Feyenoord were so upset when their centre-forward, Ove Kindvall, said he wanted to return to Sweden, just when he was on the point of qualifying as a non-foreigner.

But if the rules seem strange in Belgium and Holland, in Switzerland they take some beating. Each club is permitted one foreigner, but there are countless exceptions. Any foreigner born in Switzerland, or living in Switzerland for five years, or playing there for two, is able to take part in league matches. A similar exemption is given to foreigners living within 15 miles of the Swiss frontier, like the Austrian Rafreiter, who travels in each weekend to play for Saint Gall. A Swiss journalist commented wryly last month that Basle and Lugano could field a combined team conforming to the regulations and containing just one genuine Swiss. That, indeed, is bordering on the bizarre.

Erwin Kostedde, a German playing in Belgium.

Bergmark breaks bribery silence

AFTER resigning his post with the Swedish national side, Orvar Bergmark broke his silence on the bribery affair during the World Cup. "Even before the tournament started," he said, "I was telephoned by a Brazilian who said he could fix the match between Sweden and Uruguay in our favour.

"I told him I wasn't interested, and I frankly did not take the matter seriously. But two days before this game, which, you will remember, was vital for our chances of qualifying, this same Brazilian telephoned me again. He said that the Brazilian referee de Morais wanted £5,000 to make sure Sweden won by the margin they needed, and he gave such details of the arrangement, that I began to think it was genuine.

"So I tried to contact the head of the Referees Committee, but he was in Leon, so I telephoned Sir Stanley Rous. The rest you know. Was the caller genuine? I think you must ask Mr. de Moraes about that."

VAN HIMST ATTACK

ELGIUM'S most talented player, Paul Van Himst, is evidently not content th making himself unavailable for the tional side. In an extraordinary outburst t followed Belgium's 2-1 home defeat by ance, he made a bitter attack on the lgian team manager, Raymond Goethals.

"I know that Goethals said in his official port to the Belgian FA following the orld Cup that I was finished as an international player," said Van Himst. "I also ow that even if I had been the star of World Championship, Goethals would ver have admitted it.

"Goethals has lined up alongside the tter press and some members of the FA o wanted to make me the scapegoat. ey said I held on to the ball too long, t I was disloyal to my colleagues, and he pported them.

"And judging from this latest match, ethals continues to make serious errors in his choice of players. How could he expect the attack to function properly when it included a midfield player, Carteus, and one of the Anderlecht reserves, Teugels?"

Goethals, who I last saw holding an unofficial press conference in the tunnel under the Aztec Stadium following Belgium's defeat by Mexico, much to the discomfiture of FIFA officials, this time weighed his reply carefully. "Van Himst was in my opinion very unfairly treated by the Belgian press and public after Mexico," he told me. "That was why he decided to give up playing for the national side.

"Now I did nothing to pour oil on troubled waters. I certainly never said that he was finished as an international, merely that he had a poor World Cup, something he readily admits himself.

"All the public statements supporting the attack on him in the press came from members of the Belgian Technical Committee, and I cannot see why Van Himst blames me for that. Even his own club president, Van Roosens, agreed with what they said.

"I see my role as coach as a need to treat each player exactly the same way, to lift morale; and this is never done by excessive criticism of individuals. If I did this, I would be failing in my job.

"Van Himst criticises my team selection against France. Like anyone else, he has a perfect right to do so, although I feel his criticisms would carry greater weight if he had seen the game at the Heysel Stadium, rather than watched the recorded highlights later on television.

"In particular he challenged the choice of Teugels at centre-forward. But with Devrindt, Lambert and Van Himst all absent, I had to make an experiment. If he is so concerned with the results, why doesn't he come back and play?"

BAD JOKE THING OF THE PAST

by PETER JACKSON

FOUR seasons ago the Welsh Under-23s tended to be something of a bad joke. At Molineux in October 1966 England won 8-0 and only weeks later the unfortunate young dragons were buried under a six-goal avalanche by the Scots at Wrexham.

You didn't need to be a pessimist to believe that the future scarcely looked bright. And at the time there was a feeling, if only a strictly unofficial one, that the Welsh Under-23s would be better served playing less formidable opposition than England and Scotland.

But the fixtures stayed and from the ruins of 1966, Wales have patched together the fragments and given the perfect response to the jibe that they had no right to be on the same pitch as the youthful might of England.

Like the Phoenix, Wales have risen—from almost nothing. And the final proof of their recovery came at Wrexham early last month where, for the first time since the fixture was introduced in 1958, England failed to score.

Improving results

A 0-0 draw stopped a depressing sequence of five consecutive defeats. More significantly, Wales can look back on ever-improving results against England in the four years since what is now known as the Molineux Massacre where four of England's eight goals were scored by Allan Clarke, then at Fulham.

Wales achieved their draw with a team of two First Division players. One had a career total of three appearances in the top grade—John Toshack of Liverpool. The other had spent the first half of the season as a reserve—Terry Yorath of Leeds.

The Welsh pair contrasted to an England side with ten First Division regulars and an eleventh, Colin Todd of Sunderland, about whom there has been much £150,000 transfer speculation.

It is no secret that Wales had the scoring chances to have won at Wrexham and beaten England for only the second time in 12 years. Sir Alf Ramsey, for one, said they should have scored.

"During the last four matches there has been only one goal in it," said Wales team manager Dave Bowen. "Our players may be in the wrong divisions as far as reputations are concerned but that does not detract from skill and determination."

Wales have unearthed two free-transfer players and each, Cyril Davies of Charlton and Bryn Jones, is certain to be in the team for this month's Under-23 game against Scotland at the Vetch Field where a win, not on the heels of the England result, is by no means an impossibility.

Davies began his career with Swansea, in the days when they carried the "Town" suffix. Freed by his home-town club, Cyril travelled the length of the country for employment at Carlisle.

Reserve team

Within a season at Brunton Park, the Cumbrian club decided to dispose of its reserve team and luckless Davies had to go . . . all the way south to Yeovil. It was there that Charlton spotted him.

Jones, like Davies a midfield specialist, spent several years with Cardiff City, didn't really get anywhere and Bristol Rovers persuaded him he had a future at Eastville after Cardiff had given him a free transfer.

Both Davies and Jones played their part in the draw against England, a match in which Yorath was outstanding and in which the Welsh found a new goalkeeping star in 22-year-old David (Dai) Davies.

Keeping goal for the Young Wales side has been proved to be a hazardous business. Lyn Davies was the unfortunate 'keeper at Wolverhampton and at the end of the season he was released by his club.

Then there was Ken Simpkins of Hartlepools who later tried his hand as a centre-forward. But Davies, so positive in bossing his six-yard area, had a mark of confidence and quality. And for those who knew nothing about him, the most surprising fact was that he had played just nine games with Swansea in the Third Division.

With the Under-23s nursed back to health and their European Youth side battling it out with Scotland for a place in the finals at the end of the season, Welsh football is a good deal more successful now than it has been in recent years.

Terry Yorath, played against England for the Wales Under-23 team.

Yugoslav immigrants

YUGOSLAVS are the most popular members of football's "Foreign Legion". There are 49 of them alone in First Division clubs spread around the Continent.

The current top goalscorer in Europe is a Yugoslav, Josip Skoblar, the 29-year-old striker of Olympique Marseille in France. He has scored 19 goals this season. France, in fact, has the highest number of Yugoslavs —17.

Next most popular immigrants are the Germans, of whom there are some 28 among leading clubs in Europe.

At the same time the number of foreigners in Italy has dwindled since the ban there and there are only 14 among First Division teams. This also means that every one is now approaching the veteran class, including such doyens of a bygone era as Luis Suarez, Luis Del Sol, Jose Altafini, Angelo Sormani, Kurt Hamrin and Jair da Costa.

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Pardoe tragedy mars derby . . .

THE big Manchester derby prior to Christmas was marred by the injury to City's talented full-back, Glyn Pardoe. City would doubtless rather have lost (they won 4-1) than suffer the loss of Pardoe, with a compound fracture of his right leg.

Pardoe was injured in a tackle with George Best, which ultimately resulted in Best being booked for a fourth time in the last 12 months. Nevertheless, Pardoe's injury was a pure accident and although Best may have been fractionally late he cannot be blamed in any way.

The referee, in fact, did not give a foul and play continued until *United* were awarded a free-kick. It was only after Pardoe had been carried off, and the referee consulted his linesman, that Best was booked. The referee had been close enough to the incident to decide for himself and it seems strange that he should book a player for a tackle he ostensibly did not consider a foul.

Antonin Rattin, one of Argentina's football greats, played his last game for Boca Juniors against a Rest of the Americas selection team in Buenos Aires on December 11.

A crowd of about 40,000 watched the teams battle to a 1-1 draw in a testimonial which marked the end of Rattin's 14-year career with Boca.

Rattin played 353 league and cup games for Boca, an Argentine record, and was capped 33 times for his country.

Pelé scored three of Santos's four goals in a match against a Hong Kong select recently.

Picole netted the other goal in front of a capacity crowd of 26,000. A heavy storm before and during the match left deep pools over most of the pitch at the Government Stadium and made skilful football impossible.

In a second match against a Hong Kong XI, Santos won 5-2 with goals from Edu (two), Nene, Clodoaldo and Pelé. Cheung Chi-Wai netted twice for the home team.

Two goals

Sebastian Viberti, Malaga's Argentine mid-field star, has had his hair cut. He says in two recent matches it impeded his vision and caused him to miss two goals. At least he's honest ... his wild array did need cutting.

But the long and short of it hasn't stopped Real Madrid, Barcelona, Vasco de Gama and Boca Juniors from persistently, almost weekly, pestering Malaga for his transfer.

It doesn't look as if the Costa del Sol club will be able to hold out much longer ... refusing £100,000 takes a lot of courage in Spain.

Barcelona are the "ton-up" boys of European soccer. Recently they notched their 100th European cup-tie when they met Juventus in the Fairs Cup. The Spaniards, have appeared in 70 Fairs ties, 18 in the European Cup and 12 more in the Cup Winners Cup.

They can claim some success, too, having won the Fairs Cup three times and reached the final of the European Cup in 1961 and the Cup Winners Cup in 1969.

Barcelona's first European tie was played in December 1955 against Copenhagen Select in the Fairs Cup.

Jeunesse d'Esche, champions of Luxembourg, lost their big star, Johny Hoffmann, during the summer when he signed for Union Luxembourg and these two clubs have emerged as the leading contenders for the 1971 title.

Union (unbeaten) are four points up on Jeunesse, largely due to the goalscoring prowess of their young centre-forward, Nicky Braun, who scored 15 of the club's first 30 goals this term.

Manchester City full-back Glyn Pardoe is carried off with a broken leg during the match against Manchester United.

Yugoslavia come back to form

AFTER winning a European Championship game 2-0 in Luxembourg (no great achievement by any standard) and a 0-4 defeat against Russia in Moscow, the national team made a come-back with a morale boosting 2-0 win over West Germany in Zagreb. This was Dragan Dzajic's 46th cap (at 24 years) and if he stays with Red Star and avoids serious injury he could well become the country's most capped player.

The West German game was the national squad's last outing for 1970 and speculation now lingers around national coach Rajko Mitic, whose contract ends on January 1. It was Mitic, himself a former Red Star inside-forward (and a great one at that) who lifted Yugoslavia off the floor five years ago and in a matter of months transformed a depleted and demoralised team into a side that beat England in the 1968 European Nations Cup semi-final and took Italy (the hosts) to extra time and a very tough replay.

Conceded

In the league meanwhile Partizan Belgrade continue to set the pace, beating champions Red Star at Belgrade's Maracana stadium by 2-1—against the form book going back over many years. Three weeks earlier Partizan had met their first defeat, going down 1-2 at home to Zeleznicar (from Sarajevo) at a time when they had conceded only one goal in ten league games.

Their last outing was a critical visit to Split, where the local side had a 30,000 sell-out well in advance of the game. Hajduk, the local favourites, are hanging on to Partizan at the top but they could only draw 0-0 in their home game and Partizan stay top on goal average, with both clubs having 23 points from 16 games.

With one more game all round to the half-way mark and the winter break, Partizan's goals tally is a formidable 23 for and 7 against. After three defeats in a row Red Star hammered FK Celik 5-0 but still trail six points behind Partizan and Hajduk at the top, while Sloboda (Tuzla) and FK Bor appear the most likely relegation candidates.

Franz Beckenbauer, played the role of libero for West Germany against Yugoslavia.

Poor start by champions

CHAMPIONS four times in a row and favourites to make it five, St. Etienne got off to a poor start but have gradually pulled themselves back into the top bracket. Olympique Marseille, meanwhile, the most ambitious (other than ASSE) club, had taken up the running, but when St. Etienne beat them 2-1 before a capacity home crowd of 36,147, the winners stepped into top place for the first time this season.

After 16 games these two share top place with 24 points each: 1½ points per game with Rennes in third place four clear points away and Metz (fourth) another point behind.

Newly promoted, or rather, elected up to fill a vacancy, Reims are doing a little better than holding their own with six wins, five draws and five defeats to occupy a safe ninth place.

Down at the bottom end, Bordeaux (one of the contenders for several seasons not long ago) are clear bottom with only nine points, while two points better off are three clubs — Bastia (from Corsica), Angers (Kopa's first club) and Valenciennes. Interest at both ends seems likely to last for some time yet.

Meanwhile Raymond Kopa, indisputably France's number one post-war player, has been decorated with the Legion of Honour while the national team he once prompted so brilliantly now seems to be recovering under the guidance of former FA coaching director, M. Georges Boulogne.

His first match as team boss was the 0-5 hammering France took against England at Wembley in 1969 only ten days after he was pushed into office. Since then France's record reads: six wins, one draw and only two defeats. This season, after beating Czechoslovakia 3-0 and losing 0-1 against Austria in Vienna, *L'Equipe de France* has beaten Norway 3-1 (a European Championship match) at Lyon and then beaten Belgium 2-1 in Brussels.

This was France's first win over their neighbours for 14 years and the hero of the game was 22-year-old débutante Marc Molitor from Strasbourg, who hit both goals.

Marko's poor start

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

AFTER a summer full of nasty shocks, a poor World Cup and the boot money scandal, the national squad lost 0-3 against France at Nice before the FA met to consider the boot money business and suspend (from international games) their coach, assistant and all the players.

This left them in a pretty helpless position for the autumn matches with Finland (European Championship) who drew 1-1 in Prague before a mere 5,000 at Sparta's new 42,000 capacity *palace* at Letna and shortly afterwards another poor crowd, only 4,000 this time watched a 2-2 draw with Poland.

Clearly it will be some time before the national team can recover unless the FA relents—which seems most unlikely.

In the championship race World Cup boss Josef Marko got off to a terrible start with his new club, Inter-Bratislava, who have slightly improved since the opening games. At the bottom it's newly promoted Skoda Pilzen, Lokomotive Kosice and Cup holders TJ Gottwaldov who share last place with ten points each from 15 games.

Provincial

Meanwhile Spartak Trnava have steadily recovered from a shaky start and at the half-way mark they lead with 22 points from Banik Ostrava (20) and Trencin (18). Next come more provincial clubs, Teplice, Slovan Bratislava, Trinec and VSS Kosice with 17 apiece and the Prague clubs seem once more to be well out of the running. Slavia have scored only nine goals in 15 matches, while Sparta eighth and Dukla ninth are only one and two points better off respectively.

On the final day of the autumn campaign the clubs from Prague fared disastrously. Slavia, at home, were watched by only 1,781; Dukla, also at home, fared even worse with only 584 cash customers, while Sparta, away at Zilina, were beaten 3-1. The best attendance of the day was registered at Teplice, way up against the East German border, where they attracted only 5,488, and after a goalless draw with Ostrava, many of them probably wished they'd stayed at home.

England's Francis Lee and Geoff Hurst raid the East Germany goal during the recent international at Wembley, won 3–1 by England.

DRESDEN CLEAR

EAST GERMANY

UP from Division II only 18 months ago, the young Dynamo Dresden squad continue to lead the way, three clear points ahead of champions FC Carl Zeiss Jena. At home Dynamo have knocked in 15 goals for the loss of only one.

Two newly promoted clubs, 1.FC Lokomotive Leipzig and 1.FC Union Berlin, appear to be the only other challengers along with Cup holders FC Vorwarts (also from Berlin) but the young men from Dresden are playing with such zest it seems unlikely at the moment that they will allow anyone to overhaul them.

Driving force in the Dresden team is midfield star Hans-Jurgen Kreische, who had a quiet game against England at Wembley but has been hammering goals all over the place. Winning 4-2 away to Chemie Leipzig, Kreische hit three goals (including two penalties) and got four more a few days later in the European Championship match away to Luxembourg (5-0).

The DDR squad look serious contenders in their qualifying group with Holland and Yugoslavia and after Holland had held the Yugoslavs to a 1-1 draw the Germans beat Holland (without Cruyff) 1-0. May 9 is the big day for the DDR, the day they entertain Yugoslavia and victory then could clinch their place in the last eight.

Peter Ducke (Carl Zeiss) leads the scorers' race with nine league goals followed (inevitably) by Kreische with eight. Vogel (also from Zeiss), who hit the Germans' Wembley goal, has only six, and Henning Frenzel, a regular goalgetter for several years, has only five. Goals in East Germany are no easier to come by than anywhere else, it seems, but Kreische appears to have found the knack.

Since the DDR began playing international matches on their own account they have played to date (after their Wembley appearance) 95 times. Forty victories, 21 draws and 33 defeats isn't bad and amongst the individual honours Dieter Erler (FC Karl Marx Stadt) is the most capped (47), with Frenzel second on 44. Frenzel is also level top scorer for the national squad, on the 16-goal mark, with Jurgen Noldner of FC Vorwarts, who seem to have given up their Army connections.

ERIC WEIL reviews the scene in South America

Big stadia, but nobody to fill them!

BRAZIL has the biggest soccer stadiums in the world and more are being built all the time. The great Maracana stadium in Rio, now 20 years old, is still the biggest in the world, holding 200,000 spectators, but it never fills up. Even on important match days, it is more of a job to get through Rio's down-town traffic to the stadium than to get in. Next biggest stadium in Brazil is the Morumbi, owned by the San Paulo FC, which holds 160,000 spectators, while the newest of the giants is the Beira-Rio at Porto Alegre, which holds 135,000, is the fourth biggest in the country and owned by the Internacional club.

All over Brazil, in the most outlying provinces, where in many parts the utmost squalor prevails next to imposing monuments of architectural beauty, modern stadiums, many holding around 100,000 spectators, stand out as monuments to Brazil's most popular god — the god of soccer.

Most curious, however, is the case of the city of Erexim, in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, which has 40,000 inhabitants, but boasts a stadium holding 45,000 people. While the citizens of Erexim may lack many things, they are at least assured of a place in their stadium—and planners even took into account the future population growth.

CHILE

Gate receipts for league games have dropped enormously since the World Cup. Soccer fans saw the World Cup games on TV and then rejected the much poorer type of soccer played at home. As a result, most clubs, with less money coming in, have been unable to pay their players, who became discontented and played even worse. One solution put forward is that the championship should be reorganised once again, with fewer than the present 17 clubs in the First Division. But what the critical Chilean fan really wants is not a different competition but better football.

Universidad Catolica, Universidad de Chile and Deportivo Concepcion, a provincial club not usually among the leaders, occupied leading places in Section "A" of the National Championship, while Union Española were running away with the "B" Section in which Colo-Colo, Everton and Green Cross were fighting for second and third place. The top three from each group enter the six-team play-off for the national title and clubs are hopeful that this will bring the fans back as it did last season.

Medina (Estudiantes), Raimondo (Independiente) and Aguirre Suarez (Estudiantes) in a typical scene of the rough league encounter which brought back memories of the two teams' Libertadores Cup battles.

PERU

Talk of the current soccer season is the erratic form of big clubs, Universitario, Alianza Lima and Sporting Cristal, who have eight, four and five World Cup players in their ranks respectively. Critics blame the "dolce vita" which many of these players are leading as success has, apparently, gone to their heads.

Universitario, who played without their eight World Cup players during the early part of the season and built up an eight-point lead in spite of it, lost their lead recently after three defeats on the run. The following week they regained their lead, while Sporting Cristal have been up and down the table and Alianza, usually in the thick of the title fight, have been languishing in the lower half of the table.

Meanwhile, it was announced that the Estadio Nacional, at Lima, may become the first in South America with synthetic grass. Negotiations have started with a US firm and the cost is estimated to be 250,000 dollars.

Pelé has announced that he will play three years more. A few days later he clarified that he meant three more years of international soccer and that he hoped to play his last game for the national XI during the little world cup due to be played in Brazil in 1972.

The Brazilian Sports Confederation (CBD), which recently announced that the national team would not play again until 1972, has now relented and drawn up an extensive international programme starting with games versus Spain on July 11 and West Germany a week later, both at Rio.

MULLER ABSENT

A 0-2 defeat by Yugoslavia in Zagreb, followed by a 3-1 win against Greece at Athens—this was the mixed product of the national side's excursion into the Balkans in mid-November. In normal circumstances an away victory over the fiery Hellenes would have been acclaimed as a fine effort—except that just four days earlier, Greece lost here by the same score ... to Australia! Thus the true assessment of the current German form can only be based on their performance in Yugoslavia. But there, even the most optimistic observer would have been hard put to find a crumb of comfort.

The expedition suffered a blow before it even left, when the redoubtable goalkeeper Gerd Müller was forced to stand down—after a series of 19 consecutive internationals—because of pulled thigh muscles, sustained in the last league match. Following the disappointing display against Turkey, most experts looked for changes notably in attack. Manager Helmut Schön, always loath to exclude players merely on account of one bad game, decided firstly to replace Müller with Heynckes.

He also called up Held and formed a new midfield composed of Netzer and Roth alongside Overath. Beckenbauer was given the role of *libero*—which apparently he enjoys most of all, to the exclusion of Sieloff. Main interest centred on Borussia Mönchengladbach's captain, Günter Netzer, gaining his 15th cap, but never performing as brilliantly for the national as for his club side. Netzer last appeared in February against Spain at Seville, where the Germans also lost 0-2. Bayern Munich's Franz Roth came in for his third cap, having previously substituted last April in the 1-1 draw at Stuttgart with Rumania.

Attitudes

Without wishing to minimise Yugoslavia's success, there must remain question-marks behind the different attitudes to what was after all a friendly encounter. The 32,000 crowd obviously came to see the men who figured in such dramatic World Cup clashes, but for whom there was little here except prestige at stake. This explains, to a certain degree, their apparent lethargy which occasionally seems to befall even German sides.

On the other hand, the home team still smarting from that 0-4 slump in their last outing v. Russia in Moscow, were determined to prove themselves. And this explains why the Slavs looked so much better and fully deserved their win. No wonder manager Rajko Mitic—sitting for months on a powder keg—danced with delight and kissed every player on both cheeks, especially Bukal and Dzajic, whose goals in the 58th and 87th minutes decided the match and probably his immediate future.

In Athens it was Germany's turn to avenge this setback. It was also an opportunity to include the remaining members of the travelling party. Two newcomers celebrated in fact their international baptism.

Goalkeeper Volkmar Gross (Hertha Berlin), 22, came in for Maier, whilst Cologne's midfield star Heinz Flohe (22), substituted in the last 12 minutes for Netzer. In addition, Sieloff and Bella were given another chance in central defensive positions, while Beckenbauer was once again ordered into midfield.

Custodian

This was a much better team but, of course, the opposition was not quite of the calibre experienced in Zagreb! Still, the new custodian Gross was brilliant when the Greeks pressed hard and the understanding in midfield between Beckenbauer, Netzer and Overath—the latter went off injured—was first class. Netzer gave his finest display in national colours during a period spanning five years!

It was Netzer who put Germany ahead after 31 minutes, with a 25-yard drive, while Grabowski added a second (43) just before the interval. The Greeks pulled one back through Jutsos, but a quarter of an hour from time even the partisan 40,000 crowd applauded a typical Beckenbauer effort: Franz took the ball in his own half, and after a quick one-two with Heynckes, ran past the entire defence and goalkeeper Christidis to make it 3-1.

Günter Netzer, of Borussia Mönchengladbach.

UEFA plan new rule

THE European Football Union will abolish the one-city, one-club entry rule when it takes over the Fairs Cup next season. In the new competition, to be known as the UEFA Cup, more than one club from the same city will be eligible to take part, providing they fulfil the other qualification requirements.

It has also been decided that the final should be played on a home and away basis. A new seven-man organising committee for the competition will meet in February to decide whether any other changes ought to be made in the present Fairs Cup system.

The Organising Committee consists of: Dr. Artemio Franchi (Italy), Mr. Len Shipman (England), Herr Walter Baresel (West Germany), Herr Herbert Kaaden (East Germany), Mr. Lucien Schmidlen (Switzerland), M. Jacques Georges (France), Mr. Nicolai Johansen (Norway).

UEFA is taking over the Fairs Cup under an agreement reached about a year ago under which all three European club competitions should come under its control. The European Fairs Cup was founded in 1955 by the late Mr. Ernest Thommen, director of Sport-Toto, a Basle football organisation,

PRIDE OF THE SCOTS

Jock Stein, manager of Scottish champions Celtic, likes to keep in touch with the latest trends in football.

CELTIC lost a good deal of the admiration they had won in 1967 in beating Internazionale in the European Cup, by bowing out in guileless fashion to Feyenoord in the 1970 version of the Champions Cup.

Inevitably such a statement might lead you to imagine that Celtic were not the power they were in 1967 as proved by events three years later. But this would be entirely the wrong conclusion to be reached.

The game is never as easy to explain away as this and there are special factors affecting Scottish football which make it rather more complicated when attempting to find reasons why.

Over the past six seasons Celtic have been the outstanding club in Scotland. This cannot be argued against. The record speaks for itself. During this time they have won six successive League titles, five successive League Cup trophies, three Scottish FA Cups and one European Cup prize.

Under the direction of Jock Stein, Celtic carried not only their club banner across Europe, but were able to boost Scottish football to an extent previously unknown.

Stein is one of the best read and widest travelled managers in Britain if not the world. He has a fetish for combing newspapers, magazines, books, etc., on football, keeping in touch with the latest trends and rarely misses an opportunity to go abroad personally.

But, however well the background scene is at Parkhead and the set-up is a fine one indeed, the ultimate criterion is what happens on the park. Celtic's biggest problem is a lack of regular opposition of a high standard. Too many games are little more than canters and in such a climate it is difficult for players to sustain a high degree of performance.

Bobby Lennox, a prolific goalscorer for Celtic in recent seasons.

Problems

Yet at the same time this situation is not a bad one for allowing youngsters to develop into senior players. And one of the root causes of Celtic's problems is that they are at present entering a rather serious switch from many of the old guard to a new-look team.

Already this season Celtic have used more than two complete elevens in the Scottish First Division. They could easily field two sides each week of such strength that it would be difficult for would-be challengers to separate them.

This is marvellous for winning pots in Scotland; little use in capturing the imagination of Europe and indeed the world. For Celtic's ambitions lie most certainly in the broader horizons ever since they pioneered the winning of foreign trophies for Scotland.

Many of the older hands at Celtic like Bertie Auld, John Hughes, Steve Chalmers and Willie Wallace are facing the fact that their first team places are not automatic. This has in fact been a situation for many years at Celtic and this competition for places is one of the reasons for the club's success.

Even skipper Billy McNeill cannot be expected to go on playing for ever even though he is still only just around the 30 mark. There will need to be another skipper in the years ahead and one who is rated a favourite to take over McNeill's captaincy one day is David Hay.

Hay has been with the club five years, has forced his way into recognition with the national team and has already established himself as a utility player equally at home as a defender or midfield forager.

Bobby Murdoch, despite nine years with the club is only in his middle 20s and rated as a barometer for Celtic's performances. His colleague Jimmy Johnstone is perhaps an even better example of one player mirroring the effectiveness of the side. But the "Flying Flea" has had a stormy career at Parkhead, frequently at odds with the management.

Flankman

One day Celtic will have to learn to live without Johnstone. It may be sooner than later. But on his day the little red-headed flankman is a devastating player and has been responsible for many of the club's triumphs.

Tommy Gemmell, that forceful left-back who dearly loves to move up for a crack at goal, is another who has not had a smooth relationship with Parkhead authority. Yet he is a formidable defender and has also completed nine years there.

Club Focus on CELTIC

by JACK ROLLIN

Poor John Fallon, who understudied Ronnie Simpson year after year, now finds that after 12 years he has to vie for the goalkeeping spot with Evan Williams, the former Wolves and Third Lanark goalkeeper.

Evergreen Jim Brogan, who came to Celtic from St. Roch in 1962, has turned in some useful stints both as extra cover in the middle and also as an emergency full-back. Bobby Lennox—another from the class of '61—cannot be assured of finding a regular spot each week because of the eager youngsters itching to make their names just as famous in the green and white. Harry Hood, who had seemed to be quietly plodding along with Clyde during his second spell with the Shawfield club has done a good job for Celtic this term in attack and Jim Craig has been restricted from appearances at right-back through injuries.

Element

Two of Celtic's captures from other senior clubs Tom Callaghan (ex-Dunfermline Athletic) and Dave Cattanach (ex-Stirling Albion) have found midfield berths difficult to hold on to there, but inevitably it is towards the younger element that Celtic are now looking for future success.

Wee Lou Macari can be satisfied that he has made the grade in attack after four years' apprenticeship. The same could well be said of Danny McGrain, whose name has been appearing more this term. Converted to full-back by Celtic after a spell as a teenager with Queen's Park, 20-year-old McGrain is a former Scottish schoolboy cap.

Another with three years at Parkhead is Kenny Daglish, who was given his first opportunities during Celtic's American trip and can play in most midfield and attacking positions. Vic Davidson and Paul Wilson are two other forwards who have been getting chances in senior matches.

Davidson is either a right-winger or an inside-forward and was a prolific scorer in the stiffs the previous season. Wilson has had a couple of outings on the left flank and is a product of Maryhill Juniors.

Versatile

Big George Connelly, five years a Celt, has proved himself either as a schemer or stand-in pivot for McNeill. Jimmy Queen, ex-Clyde, has found that versatility in attack and defence can go a long way to produce the type of complete all-round player who has helped to make the club a highly successful one.

So there we have it. Celtic in the transitional period beloved of critics trying to find an answer to a falling-off of success.

'Biggest problem is a lack of regular opposition of high standard'

True, Rangers beat Celtic in the League Cup Final, but Celtic are firm favourites for the League flag again. They can probably cope with most problems in Scotland, but their ratio of success across the water is another matter completely.

Perhaps Internazionale were over the hill in 1967 and nobody realised it? Certainly the Italians have done nothing since then. Feyenoord were clearly a much better side than Celtic, yet this was scarcely the same Scottish outfit which showed a clean pair of heels to Leeds United earlier on. Leeds had their problems then, but surely were beaten by more impressive opponents?

But there is only one way to impress these days. You have to win abroad and Jock Stein aims to get Celtic's name back on a European trophy just to remind us all that 1967 was no fluke.

Willie Wallace (left) of Celtic and Dundee United's Stuart Markland contest possession during a Scottish League game at Celtic Park.

TV cameras reveal every incident

IN the long history of English football there could never have been such a wave of criticism and dissatisfaction over the standards of refereeing as in the current season. Unquestionably, the task of the officials is today, with the total commitment and especially on account of the unusually high rewards, much tougher than ever before (writes ARTHUR ROTMIL).

On the other hand, the extensive use of television can be blamed for the increasing discontent with the control of matches. Never in the past were soccer games so scrupulously analysed as today. Never before have the all-seeing TV cameras managed to reveal every incident and every decision in such detail as nowadays. Millions of fans, sitting at home can follow the moves once again, whilst the disputed episodes are repeatedly disclosed in slow-motion.

Since the foundation of the game, British referees have been regarded, especially in these islands, as the best in the world. Recently, however, this conviction was badly shaken by several extraordinary examples of inferior control.

But even more alarming than verified errors of judgement is the incredible tolerance and diversity in the interpretation of rules. On a Saturday, such technical offences as deliberate handling, arguing or throwing the ball away were punished with instant booking. But in the same matches the referees mostly ignored vicious tackling, brutal clashes and other obvious fouls.

Statistics

I feel — and statistics prove it — that British referees are doing our clubs and players a great disservice by their tolerant methods. Can you wonder that Chelsea, who are making their first appearance in the Cup Winners Cup, had this sad record after the first three games: One man sent off—and three others booked!

Can it be a coincidence that after two rounds in the Cup Winners and the Fairs Cups, out of a total of six sent-off players, three were British—Dempsey (Chelsea), Rolland (Dundee United) and Bates (Leeds), whilst the other three received marching orders against British sides, namely Vieri (Inter-Milan) against Newcastle, Geyer (Dynamo-Dresden) v. Leeds and Stankov (CSKA Sofia) against Chelsea?

Yet, our officials are not quite so lenient when dealing with foreign players. Three men had been sent off in the second round of the Champions Cup—all by British refs! Mr. Davidson of Scotland expelled Stein (Carl Zeiss Jena) and Peres (Sporting Lisbon), while Mr. Jones of Wales dismissed Tomasini (Cagliari).

In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that according to a poll conducted by the *Daily Mail*, 78 out of the 92 English League clubs are not satisfied with the standard of refereeing. In the First Division only two clubs described the level of control as sufficient. Most of them criticise the pre-match talks in the dressing-rooms as ordered by the Football League.

This is only one side of the story, for the referees also have good reasons to complain. I am referring specifically to the grotesque spectacle of the so-called personal hearing arranged—in the true sense of this word—for players punished by dismissal or following three cautions. When Manchester City's England forward Mike Summerbee appeared before the FA disciplinary committee after being sent off for what was then described as a vicious butt in the face, he brought two "witnesses" along. They were the members of the opposing team (!) from Southampton, who protested his innocence so that Summerbee was cleared!

But such verdicts only serve to undermine the authority of the referees who rightly fear that the FA committees are being taken for a ride by the guilty players who are supported by their clubs, their professional colleagues and the Players' Union. They are worried over the spreading of this protection racket and claim that players sent off or cautioned are deliberately defended by their opponents to avoid an FA suspension.

Appeal

Yet, only in this country do we have this farcical situation whereby an offending player has a right to appeal while the poor ref is not allowed to publicly justify his decisions. Worse still, he is forbidden to make any comment or express any criticism.

Of course, most British referees are as good as their counterparts elsewhere. It is only the minority who have destroyed the myth that they are the best in the world. For over 100 years the British have led the way with this revered expression: "The referee's decision is final." Unhappily, it now appears that even in the motherland of soccer this basic principle is no longer observed.

Top ref censured

Gordon Hill, pictured left, is one of Britain's top referees. Players, so often the first to criticise the standard of refereeing in England, admire and respect him.

But Hill recently came under fire from the Football League for voicing an opinion on a decision a colleague had made in an English league match. He was warned by the Football League as to his future conduct.

Trouble flares on the pitch during a match between MTK (Hungary) and Torino (Italy). See lead story.

Riots evident in Hungary and Ethiopia

A MITROPA Cup match between MTK (Hungary) and Torino (Italy) in Budapest, which provoked a brawl on the pitch involving police, players and spectators, unleashed an equally virulent outburst in the Hungarian press.

Fighting broke out in the second half of the match and an Italian player was sent off. Irate spectators charged on to the pitch after the final whistle as Italian players clashed with the Hungarian team and the police, who had come on to protect them from the fans.

MTK chairman Ferenc Banhalmi said in an interview in *Magyar Nemzet* that MTK would appeal to the Central European Cup committee, UEFA and FIFA.

"We felt in Turin that our opponents were not the fairest of teams, but what happened in Budapest was unbelievable nightmare," Mr. Banhalmi was quoted as saying.

A headline in *Nepsport* read: "After the final whistle there was a scandal not seen on a Hungarian pitch in decades. . . ."

Dr. Janos Bencsik, deputy president of MTK, said the Torino players lost their heads because they were unable to bear their defeat (MTK won in extra time to reach the last eight).

★

Several Kenyan players and the referee were injured when thousands of spectators invaded the pitch during an African Clubs Cup quarter-final between Ethiopia and Kenya.

The crowd were infuriated by a penalty awarded against Ethiopia after 60 minutes. Jonathan Niva scored from the spot to give Kenya a 1-0 lead and then the angry crowd swarmed on to the pitch. They attacked the Kenya team and the referee, hitting them with touch-line flags, sticks and stones, beating them to the ground and kicking them.

The referee, Mr. Musaka of Uganda, was beaten over the head by a chair-wielding spectator.

Some 250 police managed to restore order after about 20 minutes and cleared the field. At least a dozen arrests were made. The match, which had to be abandoned, was the second leg of the tie, Kenya having won the first match 2-0.

★

Mario Mangano, President of Estudiantes de la Plata, has committed suicide, police in Buenos Aires announced. A police spokesman said Mangano, 58, fired a bullet into his head at his real estate office and died instantly.

Mangano was credited with having pulled Estudiantes out of anonymity and leading the club to victory in the South American Cup three times. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

Les Shannon, the former Blackpool manager, has agreed in principle to take over Greek club Paok Salonika. A spokesman said the club had offered Mr. Shannon £10,000 a year.

"We have not agreed finally," said Mr. Shannon, "but I am going over to Salonika to see the team and discuss details with the board."

Spain's longest-serving player, Vicente Iborra, captain and half-back of First Division Elche, is to retire at the end of the present season.

Born in Jativa, near Valencia, he's 38 years of age and has been a professional since he was 18. He has played for two amateur clubs, two Second Division clubs (Mestalla and Gijon) and the First Divisioners, Valencia and Elche.

"I have no desire to break any record (Spanish)—Gorositza was 42 when he packed up—I'm finishing this season and transferring to Elche's technical staff. One day perhaps I'll become a manager."

★

Arsenal and Leeds United, both winners of the Fairs Cup in previous seasons, moved effortlessly into the quarter-finals of this year's competition. Arsenal beat Beverenwaas 4-0 on aggregate; Leeds defeated Sparta Prague 9-2.

Arsenal were somewhat disappointing in the second leg of their tie; having won 4-0 at Highbury they were content with a 0-0 draw in Belgium. It is easy to criticise their performance but it is never simple for players to show their usual relish when sitting on a 4-0 lead.

Leeds, nevertheless, took a 6-0 lead to Prague and had increased it to nine before Sparta scored. An indication, perhaps, that Leeds still have an edge over their London rivals in utter professionalism?

MANAGERS ANALYSED

TWO books landed on my desk a few weeks ago, curiously both biographies of managers who have been knighted for services to football. But there the similarity ends.

The first, **"Father of Football" by David Miller (Stanley Paul, 25s.)**, deals with that much admired figure, Sir Matt Busby. I thought the title almost meaningless, and slightly pretentious (even if it is a quote from Don Revie). "Father of United" would have been more appropriate, because Busby's patriarchal influence unfortunately did not extend further than his own beloved club.

Miller's purpose is to "show something of Busby's life, its meaning, and just how well it succeeded". He achieves this objective admirably in a book which is extremely well written, always enjoyable and informative.

The story of Busby is, of course, the story of Manchester United between the end of the war and the European Cup Final triumph in 1968. During these 20-odd years, United was the most popular and the most successful club in England.

Busby created four great teams. The FA Cup-winning "Johnny Carey team" in 1948, the "Busby Babes" during the late '50s, the 1963 team when Denis Law reached the zenith of his career, and finally, the Wembley heroes of 1968 with George Best and Bobby Charlton at the peak of their powers.

Miller is obviously a devotee of Busby, but doesn't shirk the prickly question of the notoriously poor disciplinary records of some United players. Busby's over-tolerance is exposed, but it is attributed to his genuine affection for all his "sons". My only reservation about the book is that it does not investigate fully the secret of Busby's magic touch.

Other managers are also good judges of young players, they have youth schemes, too, they buy judiciously. So why Busby? Perhaps the answer lies in Sir Matt's creed, perfectly expressed in this extract from one of his speeches: "There is nothing wrong in trying to win, so long as you don't set the prize above the game. There is no dishonour in defeat, so long as you play to the limit of your strength and skill. What matters above all is that the game should be played in the right spirit, with the utmost resource of skill and courage, with fair play and no favour, with every man playing as a member of a team, the result accepted without bitterness or conceit."

The second book, **"Anatomy of a Football Manager—Sir Alf Ramsey" by Max Marquis (Arthur Barker, 35s.)**, is a controversial study of a highly controversial character, who, unlike Busby, is still in the public eye.

Marquis declares his hand early on. "Ramsey is fluent, but unable to communicate with any precision what he means." As if to show up Ramsey's lack of articulateness, Marquis's style is brilliant, full of gems like "Alf Ramsey's childhood was hardly over-privileged. Millionaires were thin on the ground in Dagenham in the 1930s."

Chronological order

Following an appetising introduction, the book settles down to chronological order. In discussing Ramsey's distinguished playing career, we become aware of the influences which made such a deep impression on him. Later, as a manager at Ipswich, Ramsey was undoubtedly successful, but Marquis is very critical concerning the manner and timing of his departure to the greener pastures of Lancaster Gate. The inference is that this tight-lipped super-patriot left a sinking ship without a thought regarding the fate of the rest of the crew.

"Ramsey, as we know now, is like a pressure cooker, all smooth and shiny on the outside, boiling madly inside," writes Marquis about the newly appointed England manager. But the open hostility of the first part of the book later mellows into a more rational, almost sympathetic assessment. The warts are still there, but the beauty-spots also become clearly visible.

Marquis writes at length about the strong bond that exists between Ramsey and his players, his fantastic memory, his unbending loyalty.

There is some noticeably sloppy editing—some of the anecdotes are repeated for no apparent reason. Yugoslavia is mentioned as a Western European country, and there are two Hungarian footballers named "Hidgekuti and Boszik" who I have never heard of. It is also a pity that the author does not come to any conclusion. He confesses that Ramsey is a man full of contradictions. "You can say he is self-sufficient, or big-headed, cautious or reactionary —it depends on which side of the fence you are standing."

Not a judgement I would agree with! Nevertheless, this is a most intriguing book, miles above the usual run-of-the-mill football sagas. Highly recommended, whether you are pro-Ramsey, anti or just plain don't know.

★ **LESLIE VERNON**

I'VE been reading football books for years—many of them the now infamous "waffle" along the lines of ... how Joe Bloggs went from butcher's boy to Wembley.

This year, clearly aimed at the Christmas market, there is a swarm of football books and one of the most readable is **Bob Wilson's "Goalkeeping" (Pelham Books, 30s.)**. The big message in this book makes it inescapably clear that the goalkeeper is a vital cog in any football machine, and above all the one man who can make or break a team.

If anyone should doubt this they need only take a quick look at the opening passages in which the author makes many valid points. Goalkeepers, it is true, cannot win games single-handed, but they can most certainly stop many from being lost.

This is a book that will be enjoyed by Arsenal fans; Wilson's swarms of admirers and everyone who has an interest in "keeping" goal.

BOOKS FOR FANS . . .

WORLD CUP 1970
RALPH L. FINN
26/-

LEEDS UNITED
and
DON REVIE
ERIC THORNTON
26/-

ENCYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL
MAURICE GOLESWORTHY
10th new and revised edition
26/-

ROBERT HALE

Greater part of the book is a reference library for statisticians

"European Soccer", edited by L. N. Bailey (Pelham Books, 50s.) is a hard cover job of a very different kind, being a mine of information on the game across Europe.

Similar books have been produced before, mostly in paperback form, but none as far as I know has gone so deeply into the facts and figures of every football country in Europe. Edited by L. N. Bailey and with contributions from the *Daily Telegraph's* top football man, Donald Saunders, it avoids one of the big pitfalls which have faced others contemplating such a book—whether to make it a book to read or refer to.

Value for money

Although Donald Saunders's contributions are of reading matter, the greater part of the book is a reference library and if it is a little pricey at 50s. it represents value for money and will be specially well received by the statisticians and those who seek and keep records of the game abroad.

Perhaps the best, and certainly the most unusual of the new books from the Pelham stable is **"The A to Z of Soccer", written by Michael Parkinson and Willis Hall.** The book seems to have been dominated by Parkinson, whose frequently hilarious contributions to the *Sunday Times* are one of that paper's brightest features. Parkinson's great asset is the ability to spot the humour in football situations which would evade almost everyone else. If you have a craving for football and a sense of humour this is one you should not miss. Money very well spent at 35s.

ERIC BATTY

MARTIN PETERS

tells his own story of the World Cup in

Mexico 70

A cross from the wing, a defensive error, the right foot of Gerhard Müller — and England were out of the World Cup. From the very heart of the action Martin Peters tells how and *why* it happened. But *Mexico 70* is much more than an excitingly illustrated, blow-by-blow account of England's fall from grace. It is a personal account of the triumphs and tragedies of life at the summit of international football.

16 pages of photos. 28/-

CASSELL

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,—In defence of Allan Clarke and myself, I'd like to reply to Brian Glanville's review of "Goals Are My Business" in the November issue of World Soccer.

Considering his age—under 23 when the first chapter was written—Clarke had an unusual amount of anecdote and controversy to offer, which was why I felt the book worth undertaking.

In answer to what I consider to be one of Glanville's many unjust criticisms, little of Clarke's latest club, Leeds United, is mentioned because the book was almost finished before he'd arrived at Elland Road.

The demands of ghost-writing include a publisher's deadline, as Glanville, being a self-confessed "ghost writer", should well know.

Clarke was signed by me for the book before Ernest Hecht became his agent. Hecht, also a publisher, as Glanville relates, had, I know, not read a line when he negotiated with Pelhams to publish Clarke's work, which makes Glanville's comment that Hecht "evidently did not want to publish it himself" misleading.

One other reviewer, Bob Dawburn, wrote that the Clarke book was "a cut above average", and the *Sunday Mirror* bought the serialisation rights.

I mention these examples to inform your readers that the word "bad" in your headline "Bad books on football" should be taken as a reflection of Glanville's view and not necessarily the general opinion of the book.

STEVE RICHARDS
London EC4

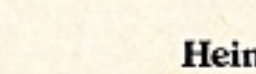
David Miller

World Cup 1970

"Miller has again done a craftsman's job. Handsomely produced and finely illustrated, it is a coffee-table style of book that could hold its place among its counterparts in the world of the arts . . . Miller, too, has sought the reasons for events and bravely allotted a chapter to examining the continuing enigma that is Sir Alf Ramsey. Ten out of ten plus one for neatness."

Geoffrey Green, The Times

Illustrated 90s



From Andrew Dettre in Australia

Greek referee George Yanopoulos, centre, flanked by John Warren (left) and Domazos, captains of Australia and Greece before the Athens international.

WORLD TOUR A SUCCESS

THE Australians' world tour, apart from a disappointing episode in Manchester, turned out to be a roaring success. After four relatively easy matches in New Caledonia, Hong Kong and Macao, all easily wrapped up with one goal conceded, Australia travelled to Iran, one of the top dogs in Asian soccer.

The match that mattered most in Teheran was the second, a full international against Iran—and Australia won 2-1, despite some atrocious refereeing by an Iranian. The other two matches should have also been won, instead of being drawn, but here the referees stepped briskly into the act to save at least some of Iran's jealously guarded reputation.

The match in Tel Aviv against Israel was one of the highlights of the tour. It was Israel who last year narrowly eliminated Australia from the World Cup finals, winning 1-0 in Tel Aviv and drawing 1-1 in Sydney. Now the Aussies turned the table on the full Israeli side, winning 1-0 with a splendid display and earning the standing ovation of the 25,000 spectators.

Only 24 hours later Australia beat a Haifa XI 2-1 before flying off to Greece. And it was there, in Athens, that the team finally came of age. Meeting the full Greek side in the Panathinaikos stadium, Australia won 3-1, stunning the crowd and earning rave press notices.

Disciplined

Greece's national coach, Petropoulos, hissed and booed by the crowd, later rated Australia in about the same class as Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Rumania, Poland or East Germany. The great Puskas, now supremo of Panathinaikos, was also impressed. "Australian soccer has a bright future," he said, "your players are much stronger, fitter and more disciplined than many Europeans. . . ."

In Kavala a few days later Australia played a 1-1 draw with Greece "B" and then went on to England to meet Luton Town. The Aussies, somewhat surprisingly, won 2-1 at Kenilworth Road but gleaned no satisfaction from their game against Manchester City.

City fielded their reserve side and the match, played on the same night as the England v. East Germany internationals (recorded highlights of which were televised the same evening), attracted a crowd of only 4,500.

By now fatigue started to set in; 13 matches in five weeks is somewhat demanding on players who normally train three nights a week and play once a week. After the Manchester fiasco it was no surprise that the tired Aussies lost 1-0 in Dublin to the League of Ireland, a team they could have trounced two weeks earlier and generally rated two goals weaker than Israel or Greece.

Finally, in Mexico City the Australian team was beaten 3-0 at the Aztec Stadium in front of a crowd of 25,000. Aussie half-back Ray Richards was sent off by the Mexican referee just before the end after throwing the ball at an opponent's face.

The tour will have many beneficial results for Australian soccer. To start with, our own public had to be convinced that Australian standards are fast rising to an acceptable level. This may bring about a long overdue increase in attendances during the 1971 season in Sydney and Melbourne, the two major centres.

But the tour results have also proved that, at least in Asia, Australia has nothing to fear. Last year it was Japan and South Korea, now it was Iran and Israel that were beaten—all in away matches. If you also bear in mind that Australia were the first team to beat Greece in Athens since 1963 (the USSR were the last winners there) and that the winning margin was exactly the same 3-1 as chalked up by West Germany four days later, you may agree that it's these results, not that awful Manchester setback, that can be used as a proper yardstick.

It would seem logical that the Australian Federation quickly extended the contract of national coach Zvonimir Rasic until at the least the end of 1973, to cover the period of Australia's World Cup elimination matches. Alas, logic often fails in soccer and especially Australian soccer. Our national coaches are always engaged for one particular tour of duty and then have to re-apply again before the next, becoming subjects of a goodly bit of interstate politicking.

But Rasic, a 34-year-old Yugoslav, could be just the man we need to get Australia into the 1974 World Cup finals in West Germany, especially if the number is increased from 16 to 24 at the FIFA Congress in Athens in January.

Rasic has demonstrated that even with very scanty preparations, Australia has the nucleus of a fair team. Several "new caps" in the team became overnight sensations: full-backs Col Curran and John Roche, stopper Peter Wilson, midfielder Jim McKay and chubby little striker Mike Denton are likely to stay on for some years to come.

If you add to this the experienced John Warren, Manfred Schaefer, Billy Vojtek, Ray Richards and Adrian Alston, you have the outlines of a team that could do just as well in Germany in 1974 as Israel did in Mexico in 1970.

In November 1971, Australia will go on yet another extensive tour, probably through Asia. Plans are now being prepared to repeat this in 1972, before the 1973 World Cup elimination matches come around.

So Australia's isolation has finally vanished; the jet-age has arrived. Now it's entirely up to us whether we make the progress we are clearly capable of or sit on the laurels of the 1970 tour—Manchester City reserves notwithstanding. . . .

Admira run out of steam

AFTER making the early running during the opening two months of the season Czech coach Anton Malatinsky and his Admira squad finally ran out of steam. After looking likely championship winners their 1-3 defeat away to bottom of the table Radentheim leaves them four clear points behind FK Austria-Salzbourg, leaders at the half-way mark and, for the first time ever, "winter-meister".

On the same day Austria's proudest and most successful club, SC Rapid, disgraced themselves at Innsbruck, where they crashed 0-5 to the local team, Wacker. In the second minute Rapid inside-forward star, Gusti Starek, was sent off and before more than 15,000 jeering Tyrolean fans who've waited years to see the "meisters" humbled, Gusti lowered his shorts and showed the fans his naked rear.

Police hustled him away and, charged with "indecent exposure", Starek has the option of an £8 fine or 14 days' gaol. Rapid added an £80 "penalty" but the OFB Disciplinary Committee did even better with a ten-game suspension.

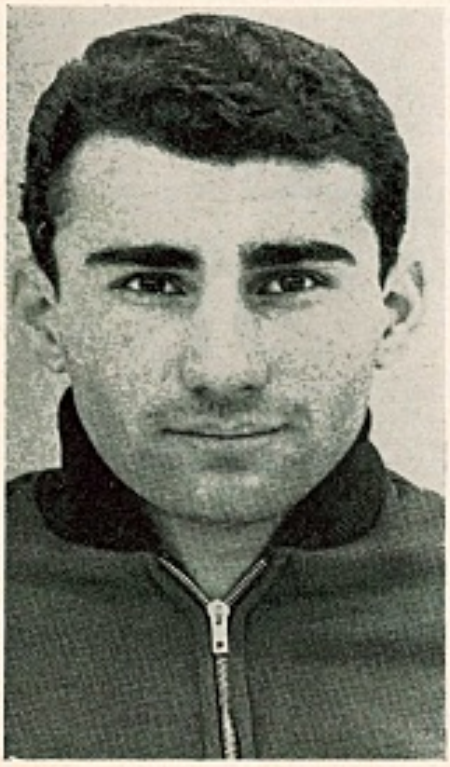
Two weeks gone in the autumn, eight more matches remain for the restart in March, which means Starek can play again in May.

Reigning champions FK Austria (Vienna) went down 1-3 in the local derby with Wiener Sport Klub and a week later drew 1-1 in the other big Viennese derby with Rapid.

Close-up on the leaders are another provincial club, Wacker Innsbruck, who recently beat Real Madrid 1-0 away in the Cup Winners Cup only to crash 0-2 at home. For the second half of the season they have a new boss, former international inside-forward, Helmut Senekowitsch.

Cornel Dinu of Rumania.

PLAYER AWARD WON BY LARSEN



Alex Neagu of Rumania.

DENMARK

NEW Footballer of the Year is 25-year-old Jan Larsen (from league runners-up Akademisk BK), who could well join the mounting list of exports. Copenhagen's B.1903, who finally took the 1970 title, lost two stars, left-back Torben Nielsen and wing-half Jan Anderson, and more may follow before the new campaign in April.

B.1903 are real amateurs, the players paying monthly subscriptions to play (!), while progressives within the FA are urging a new look for the AGM in February. Bonuses for training and capping foreign-employed Danes is the popular line.

RUMANIA

After beating European cup holders Feyenoord out of the current competition, champions UT Arad have slipped steadily down the table in the new campaign and lie sixth as winter closes in.

After the World Cup in Mexico, Rumania's top stars returned to complete eight games of the 1969–70 season and then practically at once began the 1970–71 campaign in which Dinamo Bucharest with the famed Floria Dumitrache their spearhead.

Dinamo's record thus far is impressive—a 4-1 win over UT Arad (champions); a 3-0 victory over the Army (Steaua) before 40,000 and "live" TV cameras, but they are still only one point clear of neighbours Rapid and Petrolul Ploesti.

BULGARIA

Champions Levski-Spartak appear somewhat jaded and if ex-Army club CSKA flopped a bit against Chelsea in the Cup Winners Cup they've roared away in the league race.

With 19 points from the first ten games they seemed unstoppable until neighbours GSK Slavia beat them 1-0 but almost at the turn, only Botev Vratza and Levski are within hailing distance.

CSKA's goal-machine Petar Jekov has switched off it seems but luckily for the Sofia club inside-left Dimiter Yakimov is compensating. To date his goals tally is more than 30 for half a season with 16 being hit in 13 league games.

Allan Clarke scores the first of Leeds United's six goals against Sparta Prague in the first leg of their Fairs Cup match at Elland Road.

One swallow doesn't make a summer . . .

by ERIC BATTY

LOOKING back on all the football I've seen, I am bewildered that so few appear able to retain a sense of proportion. England beat East Germany at Wembley and Fleet Street's typewriters began to clatter again that England are once more world champions. Leeds United beat AC Sparta and people began to compare them with Real Madrid of 1950.

What absolute rubbish, and how obvious this is when one takes even a tiny peep at the facts.

I spent the greater part of the day prior to the East German's game at Wembley with them and can say with absolute certainty that the young men of the DDR were beaten long before the first ball was touched at Wembley. Of course it was understandable and a phenomena I'd seen a great many times before.

All but the really top quality teams, the most capable and most confident teams, come to Wembley in awe. "England! ENGLAND—the mother and father of football," they think to themselves privately. The first sight of Wembley appears awesome enough the night before the game, but at kick-off time when filled with more than 90,000 voices, each one convinced that Alf's experimental squad is indeed another "Wunderteam", the opposition and the atmosphere become too much. And when the English score two goals and move smoothly ahead it is just one more little touch which convinces the Germans they had no chance anyway.

Prior to the visit to Wembley the East Germans had done quite well, for example, hammering Poland 5-0, though we know that the Poles "can" be useful; we know, too, that on their day they can also be poor. But at Wembley the DDR were well below their "Polish" form and their pressmen and team-boss Georg Buschner knew it. After the game, of course, Herr Buschner was very polite: "If England had played like this in Mexico, they would still be world champions."

How many more years must pass before we English learn that the foreigner visiting this country is always very careful to be polite?

At Wembley the East Germans were not bad. Jurgen Croy in goal was useful, as were the Dynamo Dresden pair Klaus Sammer (their star for me) and Frank Ganzera (numbers 4 and 5). Hans-Jurgen Kreische from the same club had a disappointing game—I know he can do better but he didn't show it at Wembley while in attack only Peter Ducke (Czech-born) showed very much.

Four retreated

Worst of all was the alleged *libero* Peter Rock, who was supposed to be "behind" giving cover, but somehow managed to spend the entire 90 minutes lying *flat* with his defensive colleagues!

Even their goal scored by Eberhard Vogel was a gift from the English. At the moment Vogel was running in possession from midfield, the Germans had four against four. But at any second, one of the English back four had only to come out—not to tackle, but just to look—and Vogel would have passed. But the back four retreated until Vogel got a real good look at Shilton and the fellow thought to himself "Why not—have a dig?" . . . and that's just what he did.

Of course, the East Germans can do better, but on the night with England, Wembley and all that, they were beaten before the start.

At Elland Road in the Fairs Cup I saw another flop when Leeds beat AC Sparta Praha 6-0. True, the Czechs moved the ball around at feet for a while, and until Leeds scored it seemed that the giant Anton Kramerius in goal might defy Leeds on his own. But two quick goals midway through the first half were enough to destroy the milligramme of confidence the Czechs had in themselves.

Great performance

These two goals and the speed at which the Leeds players tackled were enough to deter all but Kramerius. He alone played on through 90 minutes. Had Leeds, 5-0 up at the break, been trying, they *must* have got at least 20. Then at the end, the early quote from Don Revie was: "A great performance, we haven't played as well as this since last season." That's what I heard from "downstairs".

Later I had the opportunity to ask Mr. Revie a question myself: "How many of the cherry shirted players would be looking for a new job tomorrow if that was your team?"

Ten would not have surprised me, at least seven was the minimum I would have sacked on the spot, but Mr. Revie never answered the question. All he said was: "I remember a couple of years ago West Ham beat us 7-0."

I'm still wondering what that had to do with Sparta's showing, but probably I'll never know.

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

SWISS GO DOWN TO HUNGARY

SWITZERLAND'S last test before the vital away games in the European Championship against Greece and Malta ended in a disappointing 0-1 home defeat by Hungary in Basle. Past records may not have suggested a victory, for the Swiss lost their last 11 matches with the Hungarians, whom they last beat 31 years ago (3-1 in Zürich).

Yet, the chances of success have never looked brighter since their opponents, under a new manager, are now in a transitional stage of experiments and rejuvenation. Before this encounter both sides had achieved an even balance of results this year: Hungary won two, drew twice and lost two games, while the Swiss beat France (2-1), lost to Spain (0-1) and held Italy (1-1).

The overall Swiss record v. Hungary now reads:

P	W	D	L	F A
31	5	2	24	45–107 (!)

The visitors, now merely a shadow of the once glorious "Magical Magyars", deserve full credit for refusing to play safe and thus contributed to an entertaining spectacle which, judged by today's tactical concepts, was quite exceptional; always remembering, of course, that this was strictly a friendly confrontation with nothing at stake. The Swiss introduced a newcomer at left-back in the shape of 27-year-old Marc Berset from FC Lugano.

Switzerland's most impressive performers were the midfield trio of Odermatt, Kuhn and Blättler—the latter quite out of luck with his shooting. But though control of the centre is important, one cannot hope to win matches without striking power and this is clearly the "Achilles heel" of the present Swiss team.

Dependable

The second-half experiment of fielding two centre-forwards Künzli *and* Jeandupeux, was a failure and now, adding to manager Louis Maurer's worries, comes the tragic injury to his dependable *libero* Pierre Chapuisat, who tore ligaments and whose left knee was put in plaster for three weeks.

Swiss defenders Weibel and Berset can only look in dismay as a shot from Fazekas (far right) gives Hungary their victory in Basle.

By way of consolation, the Hungarian press described the Swiss as stronger than their recent opponents Austria and Norway. In addition the Swiss "B" team scored a fine 1-0 win over the Hungarian "B" eleven on their own ground at Salgotarjan. A 25th-minute goal by Bigi Meyer shocked the 3,000 fans and will no doubt prompt the Swiss FA into arranging more fixtures of this kind as an opportunity of discovering new candidates for the "A" team.

On the domestic front there was a managerial change-over which must rank as the fastest of all time. Chaux-de-Fonds having fired their coach, Jean Vincent (40), the former French international winger and star of the 1958 World Cup, engaged Charly Antenen, one-time Swiss national forward. His "reign" lasted exactly ... a week. Chaux-de-Fonds were knocked out of the Cup by Second Division newcomers Monthey, on their own ground, by 3-4—after leading 2-0 and 3-1! It was also exit for "Kiki" Antenen.

Replaced

Next to go was FC Zürich's boss, Georg Gawliczek, who was replaced by Juan Schwanner, a Chilean of Hungarian (!) origin, who a few weeks ago left FC Lucerne. He began his playing career in his native Hungary with Electromos and Postas and then performed in Brazil for Flamengo (1950–54). A year later he started coaching in Chile, where he led Colo-Colo to the league title (1958). Next he managed Ferro Badminton and Audax Italiano. After a spell in Austria with Grazer AK, he took charge of FC Bruges in Belgium and later became manager of New Zealand's national team before landing in this country.

At the half-way stage of the championship, Basle overtook Grasshoppers on goal difference, thanks to a sensational 6-1 win against Young Boys at Berne. Third placed Lugano are two points behind the leaders, whilst at the bottom poor Bellinzona are trailing a couple of points below Fribourg.

Match Analysis by ERIC BATTY

WEST HAM PRODUCE A

THE recent Derby-West Ham match provided a typical example of all that is best in what we call "modern football" and full of examples of "modern techniques" it gives me an opportunity to present many technical points in what might be called my first attempt at match analysis.

Tactically Derby played their usual back three with Mackay "behind" as *libero*. West Ham departed from their usual four in line, with freedom to attack from time to time by imposing a rigid man for man defensive pattern that was as disciplined as the guardsmen on duty outside Buckingham Palace. Though unusual from a West Ham viewpoint it was certainly effective. Left-back Lampard was "tight" on Derby inside-left Hector; right-back Bonds marked close on centre-forward O'Hare and centre-half Taylor shadowed Derby inside-right Wignall, step for step.

Rearguard

Popping around for West Ham was Moore; now in front of the defence, now covering Lampard or Bonds. Moore, like the rest of the Hammers rearguard, seemed to find it easier to play this way and certainly the defence as a whole had a more compact, solid look about it.

Despite this modern, organised defence in action at both ends, the 30,000 spectators saw what I have often written in this magazine: that tight-marking, good covering and even free-backs do not make it impossible to play real attacking football. Overall it was a fine game and if West Ham were at their superlative best it says a great deal for Derby County that this match did not end with a 1-0 win for West Ham but 4-2.

In midfield the two teams were numerically matched with Durban, McGovern and Gemmill for Derby; Eustace, Brooking and Lindsay for West Ham. In almost every sense two evenly matched sides, man for man standing eyebrow to eyebrow in terms of work-rate and determination.

Most people present almost certainly enjoyed it, and reckoned it an even contest until the final minutes but for me, despite the fact that Derby (at home) scored the early goal that everyone strives so hard for and that West Ham were at the time still seeking their first away win of the season, I had no doubts. The only thing I didn't know was who would get the goals and how many there would be.

Eustace still tends to run with the ball too much (compared with Boyce) though he is clearly becoming more and more a West Ham player. Tragically, for a midfield trio who worked so hard, it was a faulty pass from Brooking that set up Derby's first goal. Under pressure from his back (when facing his own goal and in possession) Brooking should and could have found a defensive colleague to whom he could have played an easy ball, but instead he half turned and played the ball almost square across the park ... and did it "blind" ... (without looking first).

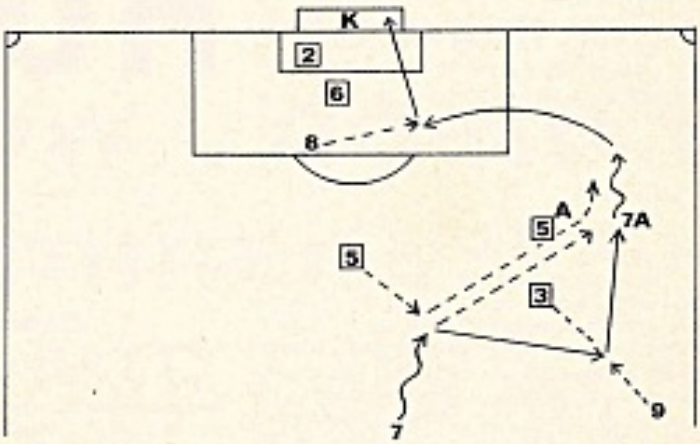
Challenge

Brooking's pass went some 20 yards straight to Gemmill, unmarked in midfield and he ran the ball very well "at" the West Ham defence; at the first sign of a defender being pulled out to challenge he let go a fine ball into the goalmouth.

Wignall, moving well, took this pass in space and if I suspected that Ferguson had been a fraction slow to come off his line it was only a suspicion. Wignall took a very good goal, and here it is of value to discuss the criticism above of Eustace ... "running with the ball too much" ... and "Gemmill running the ball well 'at' the West Ham defence".

It comes to this: if a good early ball is ON it should be played EARLY. But if there is no *good early ball* "on" then the player has two basic alternatives — play it away to a colleague who is easy to find AND in space (or going to space)—or, carry the ball forward at speed, hoping to pull a defender out and thus giving a colleague who "was" marked, the chance to make a run at space near goal ... looking for the ball.

DIAGRAM 1



In the last World Cup, Gerson and Rivelino provided outstanding examples of these "midfield" points. Gerson was a master at *finding* a front runner going into space (and had the necessary skill to "drop" 30/40 yard passes accurate to the last centimetre). Rivelino was outstanding at beating opponents (thus gaining time for colleagues to get free) and then knew exactly WHEN to make the telling pass into the box.

Steaming

West Ham's equaliser was another masterpiece (if I did not read too much into it) produced by Eustace, Hurst and Greaves. The first-named had the ball in midfield and looking up he saw Hurst steaming for the box and immediately Eustace aimed a high ball at the penalty spot.

Hurst (I suspect) saw he couldn't reach it, but as he did for England during their South American pre-World Cup warm-up, he jumped too early and thus persuaded Derby's Les Green, on the small side for a 'keeper anyway to go up with him. In any other circumstances I believe Green would have reached this ball but as it was, Hurst and Green were both airborne, but on their way *down* when the ball flew past above them and when it came to ground there was Greaves ... coming from "nowhere"—from the blind side of the defence.

Manufactured

My last notes on the first half both concern good "modern goals" to push up the score to 2-2. West Ham got in first with a fine move involving Lindsay (7), Best (9), Lindsay again and Brooking (8), who came to meet the ball and let fly first time with his right foot ... see Diagram 1.

Lindsay, in the space between the centre line and the Derby penalty box, faced a challenge from Hennessey (5) and slipped the ball out square to Best. As Lindsay played the ball, he was on his way, running on the blind side of Derby's left-back Robson (3) and Best's first-time push found Lindsay in space — but with Hennessey still after him.

Playing the ball just right, Lindsay hit in a hard centre that Brooking caught first time.

Derby's equaliser was simplicity itself, ironically a goal that

AND DERBY CLASSIC . . .

'West Ham's equaliser was another masterpiece'

bore the mark . . . Manufactured at Upton Park. Hector (10) had gone deep to pick up a pass and, having turned, he did well to "run" the ball towards the West Ham box. With his personal shadow, Lampard, doing equally well in jockeying off, the fraction of a second that passed was best used by Derby, for whom withdrawn left-winger Gemmill came sprinting past Hector on the outside. Hector, being *overlapped* by Gemmill, released the ball just right, while Gemmill crossed hard first time. In the goalmouth, leaving everyone else waiting, was Durban to get his header *in* for Derby.

Defensive

From the second half my notes have quite a few items from the section headed—what not to do. Anonymity is best here—a Derby defender turned on the ball to face his own goal and without looking pushed the ball back for the 'keeper. In fact the ball travelled less than a yard, for Eustace had put himself between the Derby 'keeper and the defender on the ball. If Eustace was the kind of player that included a left-foot "chip" in his tool kit, he would have been a scorer here.

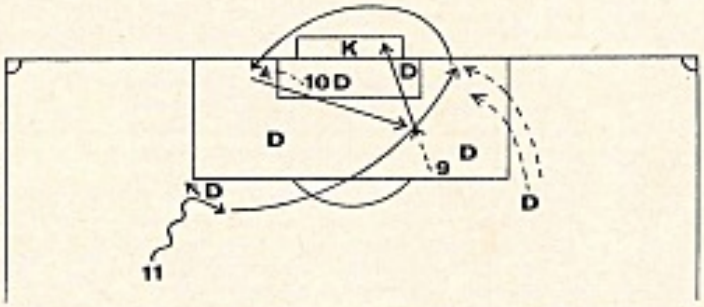
Later a West Ham midfield player was tardy (or tired) or too casual in allowing an opponent time to pick up the ball and gather speed. Too late the West Ham man moved, but now he had no chance. The result was that a visiting defender had to leave *his man* to offer a challenge and with an extra, free man within the West Ham defence Derby could have scored. The lesson here, of course: always get a man *tight* (tight and early) *on the back* of the enemy player receiving the ball, preferably before the ball is received.

Again, West Ham 'keeper Ferguson came out to punch a high cross that he obviously thought wiser to knock away rather than try to hold. Out of goal, he landed a one-fist punch (two sets of knuckles are always better) and, basic point here, he failed to hit it far enough or hard enough. The result: a free shot at goal for Derby's Gemmill with the 'keeper *nowhere*.

Fortunately again, Bonds got his head in front of a well directed shot. Lesson for 'keepers: don't play at punching. You either take (and hold) a high ball or you hit it so hard that it drops first bounce behind the enemy, or farther still if possible. Even in the street behind the stand!

Derby County and West Ham are amongst the four English teams that I have found I can *sometimes* really enjoy watching. The other teams for those interested are Everton and Manchester City, and if other sides do play well at odd times, these four clubs get nearest to my ideal of good football as it is played at pro level in 1970-71. It was indeed a very fine game and I could in fact have written a fair sized book about this match but though there were many good things from both sides in the second half, space permits the mention of only the two goals and two references to Derby's *libero* Dave Mackay.

DIAGRAM 2



West Ham's third goal restored their lead again at 3-2 (see Diagram 2 in which D means Derby defender) and started with Greaves out on the left running with the ball. A Derby defender cut him off, jockeyed away while Greaves (11) feinted to go left, then brought the ball back *inside* on to his right foot and popped a high cross aimed at the far post.

There was Brooking, coming in on the gallop to nod the ball from a fine angle (too fine to score) . . . across the goalmouth, intended for Hurst (10). In fact the ball was too high for Hurst, but as it came to ground it just plopped into mud and lay there. Hurst was first to recover and, turning, he reached the ball to turn once more and "pull" a perfect pass back for Best (9). All he had to do was step smartly forward and hit it hard and low.

Now Mackay, who had played a fine game at the back for Derby, made two decisions that had a vital effect on the result. First when the referee had awarded Derby a doubtful penalty, Mackay elected to put an accurate shot low to Ferguson's left hand.

On mud a bomb-type shot, meant to kill the 'keeper (or anything else that got in its way) would have been wiser, but Mackay pushed the ball and Ferguson fell on it to save.

Perhaps being personally dejected at this failure, Mackay now took it on himself to abandon his usual post behind the defensive wall and come out to play in the middle of the park.

For me, I would have stayed at the back, hoping my colleagues could grab an equaliser, but Mackay pushed himself up . . . and in so doing opened the gate that meant West Ham could get in easier now than ever before. Without Mackay's covering at the back, this is in fact what happened—another goal of sweet simplicity scored with less than two minutes left that meant the game was over.

Greaves had the ball in the centre, carrying it forward, and ahead of him, Hurst made a lateral run from the middle going out left. If the depleted Derby defence had moved to cover Hurst then Greaves should/would have come on to reach a shooting position himself, but the defenders hesitated. Greaves now played the ball out to Hurst who didn't touch it but merely turned to follow it; looked up and hit it first time into the middle where Best (once more) came thundering in like an express train, looking for the ball he knew "must" come. It did, and the young man from Bermuda hit it with all he had.

Destined

With some justification Derby might have felt they deserved a point. On the play—bearing in mind it was a fine game from two good teams, maybe this would have been an apparently just result. But knowing that West Ham had been building up to a super show over the previous 20 days or so I am sure that Derby were destined to be losers. Such days come to all in football — even the great Hungarians of Puskas-Hidegkuti-Kocsis fame met such a day. Tragically for Hungary it was their only defeat in five whole years and came in the 1954 World Cup final.

This brings out one of the imponderables about soccer; a factor which does much to give it its universal appeal. Although a great deal of planning, training, thought on tactics, etc., can and should precede every game; when it comes to kick-off time, then from the first whistle it's up to the players as individuals.

ENTHUSIASM GRIPS SPAIN

from NORMAN CUTLER

SPAIN is in the grip of an unprecedented wave of football enthusiasm because the national side has gone six games without defeat. This succession of triumphs, achieved since Ladislov Kubala became "Supremo", has raised morale to a level never before reached and inspired justifiable pride.

But in spite of outward success all is not well, for so typical of the country's public and legislators they are swayed by the effects and are blind to the causes. The all-important future is obscured and forgotten by the triumphant present.

When Kubala took over 17 months ago the international side was just about non-existent. In six months he transformed the atmosphere by a series of exhilarating press conferences ... called 152 known and unknown players to Madrid for special training and tactical study ... introduced revolutionary methods and thinking ... and instilled into players that being selected for Spain was the highest attainable honour.

Youth and new blood was his keyword. The old gang no longer had an automatic right to a place in the side. They were made to prove their worth and compete on equal terms with the untried unknowns of the unfashionable clubs. It broke all traditions and caused a first-class furore. But it worked ... and the future looked bright.

In his début match against Finland, Kubala included six overshadowed youngsters ... Reina (Barcelona), Gaztelu (Real Sociedad), Barranchina (Valencia), Asensi (then Elche), Pujol (Barcelona) and Quini (Gijon) ... and they won 6-0. Against West Germany he called Costas (Celta), Loro (Seville) and Melo (Atletico Madrid) ... and before the season ended brought in several other comparatively unknowns.

It was all very impressive and encouraging ... and I wrote in April: "Spain confidently and meritoriously has a foot firmly on the road that leads to Munich 74." I also warned "... this wind (of confidence) at the moment is blowing too strong ... there's a long way to go."

Programme

Spain *was* on the road to West Germany, but unfortunately somewhere along that road they took the wrong fork, or in someone else's famous words, were "blown off course".

In September the Football Federation president, D. Jose Luis Costa, resigned and was succeeded by the ex-Real Madrid player, D. Jose Luis Perez Paya. Immediately there were rumours that Kubala, being Costa's ace appointment, would be called upon to resign. But a week later the "Supremo" paid the normal welcome call on the new president. Their meeting was uncommonly long for a courtesy visit ... but next day to everyone's relief, it was announced that Kubala would retain his portfolio.

After that ... little happened. No squad, no trials, no fortnightly training and tactical talks, few press conferences

Then a week before the game with Greece a most revealing selection was announced. Kubala seemed to have thrown overboard his successful promising-youth policy (or was made to) and instead had selected his team purely on current form. If victory and hysterical propaganda was the purpose there was little wrong with the line-up, but as a base for future team-building (or a continuation of last year's building) it was utterly useless.

When Kubala took over he laid down three basic qualities that his players had to possess ... *querer, saber, poder* ... to want, to know, to be able to ... and because of this policy he immediately left out, amid an outcry of angry public protest, Luis, Atletico Madrid's oft-selected inside-forward. But alas, in the team for Greece—a friendly international—Luis, regularly scoring goals laid on for him, was back in the side together with Adelardo (31 years), Marcial (never himself in internationals) and Amancio (31 years).

Selection

Spain (the team was together for only two days compared with last season's ten-day concentration) won 2-1 and it is sufficient and significant to record the general summing up. First half—passable. Second half—disastrous.

Two weeks later came the first Nations Cup match with a weakened Northern Ireland. This time Kubala's selected squad was even more puzzling. He recalled the 29-year-old Violeta (Zaragoza) who last played for Spain in 1963, Rife of Barcelona out of the international side for two years, Gallego (Barcelona) and Real Madrid's Piri ... none of whom have a cat's chance of making the Mexico squad.

Against a two-man side ... everyone is raving about the brilliant displays of Best and Jackson.... Spain won, quoting Irish manager Billy Bingham, by a superb Pirri goal and two gifts (3-0), for which they collected £450 each.

Youth must be blended with experience in order to develop ... Kubala cannot raise prestige and retain the confidence of the public by selecting 11 youngsters whose chances of success against teams like Russia and Italy would be doubtful ... you can't build a team overnight. I accept all that. But the fact remains that ten of the 19 players called for international duty against Greece and Northern Ireland will be over 30 by 1974 ... one will be 36, one 35 and two 34.

George Best, pictured arriving in Spain for a European Championship match.

European Championship

NOVEMBER 11

Scotland (1) 1 (O'Hare) 24,000
Denmark (0) 0

Scotland: Cruikshank; Hay, McKinnon, Moncur, Greig; Carr, Stanton; Johnstone, O'Hare, Stein, Johnston.

Denmark: Poulsen; Nielsen, Fredriksen, Hansen, Sandvad; Petersen, Nygard, Outsen, Olsen, B. Nielsen, Pedersen.

(Ref.: Linemayr/Austria).

East Germany (0) 1 (Peter Ducke) 36,000
Holland (0) 0

East Germany: Croy; Kurbjuweit, Rock, Sammer, Ganzera; Strempel, Faessdorf, Kreische; Peter Ducke, Frenzel (Irmscher), Vogel.

Holland: Van Beveren; Israel; Suurbier, Strik, Drost; Jansen, Neeskens, Rijnders, Van Hanegem (Wery); Klijnjan, Keizer.

(Ref.: Lidberg/Sweden).

France (1) 3 (Floch, Lech, Mezy)
Norway (0) 1 (Nielsen) 20,000

France: Carnus; Djorkaeff, Novi, Bosquier, Rostagni; Michel, Huck; Floch, Lech, Loubet, Mezy.

Norway: Haftorsen; Pettersen, Thorsen, Hetlon, Slinning; Borno, Spydevold, Nielsen; Heistad, E. Olsen, Seemann.

(Ref.: Saldanha Ribeiro/Portugal).

Wales (0) 0 20,000
Rumania (0) 0

Wales: Sprake; Rodrigues, Powell, England, Thomas; Hole, Durban, G. Moore; Krzywicki, W. Davies, Rees.

Rumania: Raducanu; Satmareanu, Lupescu, Dumitru, Mocanu; Dobrin, Dinu (Halmagean), Nunweiller; Neagu, Dumitrache, Dumitrescu.

(Ref.: Gemert/Holland).

Spain (1) 3 (Rexach, Pirri, Luis) 48,000
Northern Ireland (0) 0

Spain: Iribar; Rife, Gallego, Violeta, Sol (Hita); Costas, Pirri, Arieta; Luis, Quini (Lora), Rexach.

Northern Ireland: McFaul; Craig, Nelson, Neill, Jackson; O'Kane, Sloan; Best, Dougan (Todd), Millen, Clements.

(Ref.: Emsberger/Hungary).

NOVEMBER 15

Luxembourg (0) 0 3,000
East Germany (4) 5 (Vogel, Kreische 4)

Luxembourg: Rene Hoffmann; Kuffer, Fiesghi, Jeitz, Jonny Hoffmann; Krecke, Pilot, Schmit; Leonard, Trierweiler, Kirchens.

East Germany: Croy; Kurbjuweit, Rock, Sammer, Ganzera; Strempel, Irmscher, Kreische; Peter Ducke, Frenzel, Vogel.

(Ref.: Bachelli/Switzerland).

Bulgaria (1) 1 (Atanasov) 25,000
Norway (0) 1 (Fuglset)

Bulgaria: Filipov; Zafirov, B. Kolev, Jetchev, Aladjov; Denev, Nikodimov; Atanasov, Boney, Mihailov (Dermendjiev), Mitkov.

Norway: Haftorsen; Pettersen, Thorsen, Hetlon, Slinning; Borno, Spydevold, Nielsen; Olsen, Fuglset, Hasund.

(Ref.: Kiriakides/Cyprus).

NOVEMBER 25

Belgium (2) 2 (Devrindt 2) 11,000
Denmark (0) 0

Belgium: Piot; Heylens, Dewalque, Jeck, Thissen; Van Moer (Verheyen), Van den Daele, Carteus; Thio, Devrindt, Lambert.

Denmark: Poulsen; T. Nielsen, Fredriksen, Sandvad, F. Pedersen; Hansen, Nygaard, Outzen; B. Nielsen (Hostrup), K. Pedersen, Olsen.

NOVEMBER 15

Switzerland (0) 0 25,000
Hungary (0) 1 (Fazekas)

Switzerland: Prosperi; Chapuisat (Perroud); Boffi, Weibel, Berset; Odermatt; Kuhn, Blattler; Rotschmann (Kunzli), Jeandupeux, Wenger.

Hungary: Rothermel; Meszoly; Nosko, Konrad, Panosics; Dunai III, Kocsis, Halmosi (Vidats); Fazekas, Bene, Szuromi.

(Ref.: Lo Bello/Italy).

Belgium (0) 1 (van Moer) 20,000
France (0) 2 (Rico, Molitor)

Belgium: Piot; Basteijes, Thissen, Dewalque, Jeck; van den Daele, Semmeling (Piot), van Moer; Carteus, Dockx, Teugels.

France: Carnus; Le marre, Novi, Bosquier, Djorkaeff; Michel, Huck, Floch; Molitor, Lech, Rico.

(Ref.: Tschenscher/West Germany).

NOVEMBER 18

Yugoslavia (0) 2 (Bukal, Dzajic) 32,000
West Germany (0) 0

Yugoslavia: Dautbegovic; Holcer; Rajkovic, Paunovic, Stephanovic; Antonijevic, Piric, Bajevic (Hlevniak); Petkovic, Bukal, Dzajic.

West Germany: Maier; Beckenbauer; Vogts, Weber, Hottges; Roth, Netzer, Overath; Libuda, Heynckes, Held (Grabowski).

(Ref.: Vizhanyo/Hungary).

NOVEMBER 19

Greece (1) 1 (Eleftherakis) 10,000
Australia (2) 3 (Alston, Blue, Panton)

Greece: Ikonomopoulos; Skrekis, Kamaras, Toskas, Stathopoulos; Eleftherakis, Domasos, Stavropoulos (Chaitas); Koudas (Jutsos), Papaionannou, Dedes.

OCTOBER 22

Paraguay (1) 1 (Irala)
Argentina (1) 1 (Brindisi)

Paraguay: Aguilera; Bordon, Encian, Tarabelli, Mendoza; Espinoza, Sosa, Arrua; Barreiro, Gonzalez, Irala.

Argentina: Santoro; Malbernat, Perfumo, Larangee, Rosi; Brindisi, Raimondo, Marcos; Willington, Yazalde, Veron.

(Ref.: Airton Viera de Moraes/Brazil).

NOVEMBER 22

Greece (0) 1 (Jutsos) 40,000
West Germany (2) 3 (Netzer, Grabowski, Beckenbauer)

Greece: Ikonomopoulos (Christidis); Tomaras, Kamaras, Toskas, Stathopoulos; Eleftherakis, Papaioannou (Kritikopoulos), Domasos; Koudas, Antoniadis (Jutsos), Dedes.

West Germany: Grosz; Vogts, Sieloff, Bella, Hottges; Beckenbauer, Netzer (Flohe), Overath (Roth); Libuda, Heynckes, Grabowski.

(Ref.: Limona/Rumania).

NOVEMBER 25

England (2) 3 (Lee, Peters, Clarke) 93,000
East Germany (1) 1 (Vogel)

England: Shilton; Hughes, Sadler, Moore, Cooper; Mullery, Ball, Peters; Lee, Hurst, Clarke.

East Germany: Croy; Kurbjuweit, Rock, Sammer, Ganzera; Strempel (Frenzel), Stein, Kreische, Irmscher; Ducke, Vogel.

(Ref.: Scheurer/Switzerland).

DECEMBER 2

Holland (1) 2 (Cruyff 2) 40,000
Rumania (0) 0

Holland: Van Beveren; Suurbier, Neeskens, Israel, Drost; Jansen, Van Hanegem; Pahlplatz, Mulder, Cruyff, Keizer.

Rumania: Raducanu; Satmareanu, Lupescu, Dumitru, Mocanu; Dembrovski (Domide), Nunweiller, Halmagean (Ancal); Dumitrescu, Dumitrache, Dobrin.

(Ref.: Wharton/Scotland).

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EUROPEAN CUPS....RESULTS

Compiled by MICHAEL CHANDLER

EUROPEAN CUP
(Second Round)

Waterford (0) 0
Celtic (4) 7 (Wallace 3, Murdoch 2, Macari 2)

Celtic (0) 3 (Hughes, Johnstone 2)
Waterford (2) 2 (McNeil o.g., Matthews)

Panathinaikos (1) 3 (Domasos, Antoniadis, Deliyannis)
Slovan Bratislava (0) 0

Slovan Bratislava (1) 2 (Medvid, Jan Capkovic)
Panathinaikos (0) 1 (Antoniadis)

Red Star (1) 3 (Filipovic, Acimovic, Krivokuca)
UT Arad (0) 0

UT Arad (0) 1 (Brosovski)
Red Star (0) 3 (Filipovic 2, Jankovic)

Carl Zeiss Jena (0) 2 (Kurbjuweit, Vogel)
Sporting Lisbon (0) 1 (Marinho)

Sporting Lisbon (0) 1 (Goncalves)
Carl Zeiss Jena (0) 2 (Peter Ducke, Kurbjuweit)

Standard Liege (0) 1 (Pilot)
Legia Warsaw (0) 0

Legia Warsaw (2) 2 (Pieszko, Zmijewski)
Standard Liege (0) 0

Cagliari (2) 2 (Riva, Gori)
Atletico Madrid (0) 1 (Luis)

Atletico Madrid (1) 3 (Luis 3, 1 pen.)
Cagliari (0) 0

Borussia Monchengladbach (1) 1 (Vogts)
Everton (0) 1 (Kendall)

Everton (1) 1 (Morrissey)
Borussia Monchengladbach (1) 1 (Laumen)

Ajax Amsterdam (2) 3 (Keizer, Van Dijk, Hulshoff)
FC Basle (0) 0

FC Basle (1) 1 (Odermatt, pen.)
Ajax Amsterdam (0) 2 (Rijnders, Neeskens)

EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS CUP
(Second Round)

PSV Eindhoven (1) 4 (Veenstra, Devrindt 2, Mulders)
Steaua Bucharest (0) 0

Steaua Bucharest (0) 0
PSV Eindhoven (1) 3 (Veenstra 2, Van der Kuylen)

Goztepe Izmir (0) 0
Gornik Zabrze (1) 1 (Lubanski)

Gornik Zabrze (3) 3 (Lubanski 2, Banas)
Goztepe Izmir (0) 0

CSKA Sofia (0) 0
Chelsea (1) 1 (Baldwin)

Chelsea (1) 1 (Webb)
CSKA Sofia (0) 0

Real Madrid (0) 0
Wacker Innsbruck (1) 1 (Grausam)

Wacker Innsbruck (0) 0
Real Madrid (0) 2 (Grande, Bueno)

Benfica (1) 2 (Eusebio, Diamantino)
Vorwaerts Berlin (0) 0

Vorwaerts Berlin (1) (2) 2 (Wruck, Fraessdorf)
Benfica (0) (0) 0 (after extra time)
(Vorwaerts qualify for next round on penalties.)

Honved Budapest (0) 0
Manchester City (0) 1 (Lee)

Manchester City (1) 2 (Bell, Lee)
Honved Budapest (0) 0

FC Bruges (2) 2 (Rensenbrink, Catreus)
FC Zurich (0) 0

FC Zurich (1) 3 (Axelsson o.g., Grunig, Kunzli)
FC Bruges (1) 2 (Carteus, Rensenbrink)

Cardiff City (3) 5 (Toshack 2, King 2, Phillips)
Nantes (1) 1 (Gondet)

Nantes (0) 1 (Blanchet)
Cardiff City (1) 2 (Toshack, Clark)

EUROPEAN FAIRS CUP
Group One:

Sturm Graz (0) 1 (Zamut)
Arsenal (0) 0

Arsenal (1) 2 (Kennedy, Storey pen.)
Sturm Graz (0) 0

Sparta Rotterdam (2) 2 (Klijnjan 2)
Coleraine (0) 0

Coleraine (1) 1 (Jennings)
Sparta Rotterdam (2) 2 (Kovalik, Kristensen)

Group Two:

Leeds United (0) 1 (Lorimer pen.)
Dynamo Dresden (0) 0

Dynamo Dresden (1) 2 (Hemp, Kreische)
Leeds United (1) 1 (Jones)
(Leeds qualify on away goals)

Eskisehirspor (2) 3 (Halil, Fethi 2)
Twente Enschede (0) 2 (Pahlplatz, Van der Kerkhof)

Twente Enschede (3) 6 (Jeuring 3, Van der Kerkhof, Steurer, Nagy)
Eskisehirspor (1) 1 (Fethi)

Group Three:

Liverpool (0) 3 (Lindsay, Lawler, Hughes)
Dinamo Bucharest (0) 0

Dinamo Bucharest (1) 1 (Salgeanu)
Liverpool (0) 1 (Boersma)

Akademisk Copenhagen (1) 1 (B. Nielsen)
Anderlecht (3) 3 (Mulder, Ejderstedt, N. Yde o.g.)

Anderlecht (2) 4 (Van Himst, Nordahl 2, Elizeu)
Akademisk Copenhagen (0) 0

Group Four:

Valencia (0) 0
Beveren-Waas (0) 1 (Reymaecker)

Beveren-Waas (0) 1 (Reimark)
Valencia (0) 1 (Forment)

Newcastle United (1) 2 (Davies 2)
Pecsi Dosza (0) 0

Pecsi Dosza (1) (2) 2 (Mathe 2, 1 a pen.)
Newcastle United (0) (0) 0 (after extra time)
(Pecsi Dosza qualify on penalties)

Group Five:

Bayern Munchen (4) 6 (Schneider 2, Gerd Muller 2, Schwarzenbeck, Roth)
Coventry City (1) 1 (Hunt)

Coventry City (1) 2 (Martin, O'Rourke)
Bayern Munchen (0) 1 (Honess)

Sparta Prague (1) 3 (Vrana, Jurkanin 2)
Dundee United (1) 1 (Traynor)

Dundee United (1) 1 (Gordon)
Sparta Prague (0) 0

Group Six:

Hibernian Edinburgh (2) 2 (Stanton, Duncan)
Vitoria Guimaraes (0) 0

Vitoria Guimaraes (2) 2 (Goncalves, Osvaldinho)
Hibernian Edinburgh (0) 1 (Graham)

Hertha Berlin (0) 1 (Horr)
Spartak Trnava (0) 0

Spartak Trnava (2) 3 (Kuna, Wild o.g., Martinkovic)
Hertha Berlin (0) 1 (Gayer)

Group Seven:

Barcelona (0) 1 (Gallego)
Juventus (1) 2 (Haller, Bettega)

Juventus (2) 2 (Bettega, Cappello)
Barcelona (0) 1 (Pujol)

Dinamo Zagreb (2) 4 (Lalic 2, Cercek, Vabec)
Hamburger SV (0) 0

Hamburger SV (1) 1 (Honig)
Dinamo Zagreb (0) 0

Group Eight:

Vitoria Setubal (0) 2 (Jose Maria, Jacinto Joao)
Hajduk Split (0) 0

Hajduk Split (0) 2 (Nadoveza, Hlevnjak)
Vitoria Setubal (1) 1 (Jose Maria)

Fiorentina (1) 1 (Mariani)
1st FC Koln (1) 2 (Flohe 2)

1st FC Koln (1) 1 (Biskup, Pen.)
Fiorentina (0) 0

LEAGUE TABLES

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria Salzburg	14	9	3	2	28	16	21
Rapid Wien	14	7	5	2	30	20	19
Admira Energia	14	8	2	4	29	17	18
Wiener Sportklub	14	6	5	3	28	14	17
Wacker Innsbruck	14	7	2	5	26	16	16
Wattens	14	6	3	5	26	22	15
Sturm Graz	14	6	2	6	19	16	14
Linz ASK	14	5	4	5	27	26	14
Vienna	14	5	4	5	16	17	14
Voest Linz	14	4	6	4	17	20	14
Austria Wien	14	4	5	5	17	18	13
Simmering	14	3	5	6	13	23	11
Grazer AK	14	5	1	8	15	28	11
Wacker Wien	14	2	6	6	23	30	10
Bregenz	14	3	3	8	15	31	9
Radentheim	14	3	2	9	16	31	8

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Anderlecht	12	9	1	2	26	11	19
Standard Liege	12	7	4	1	28	10	18
FC Bruges	12	7	3	2	26	14	17
Antwerp	12	6	2	4	16	13	14
Lierse SK	12	6	0	6	19	15	12
Racing White	12	4	4	4	17	16	12
Beerschot	12	4	4	4	14	16	12
Waregem	12	3	6	3	13	9	12
Crossing	12	4	3	5	12	17	11
St. Trond	12	3	5	4	16	21	11
Beveren-Waas	12	3	5	4	8	11	11
Union St. Gilloise	12	3	4	5	14	19	10
FC Diest	12	2	6	4	11	18	10
FC Liege	12	3	3	6	7	17	9
La Gantoise	12	2	3	7	11	20	7
SC Charleroi	12	2	3	7	14	25	7

BULGARIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
CSKA	11	9	1	1	31	9	19
Botev	11	9	0	2	21	7	18
Levski-Spartak	11	6	2	3	17	5	14
Trakia	11	6	2	3	20	19	14
Etar	11	5	3	3	11	14	13
Marek	11	4	4	3	16	11	12
Akademik	11	4	4	3	13	9	12
Spartak	11	5	1	5	23	20	11
CSJ Slavia	11	4	2	5	15	16	10
Cherno	11	3	4	4	14	17	10
Dunav	11	3	4	4	9	13	10
Lokomtiv	11	3	2	6	14	20	8
Tscherno more	11	4	0	7	10	16	8
Jambol	11	2	4	5	5	15	8
Tschernomorez	11	1	3	7	8	22	5
Maritza	11	0	4	7	7	21	4

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	12	9	1	2	29	10	19
Carl Zeiss Jena	12	7	2	3	34	18	16
Union Berlin	12	5	5	2	16	13	15
Lokomotiv Leipzig	12	7	0	5	25	23	14
Magdeburg	12	6	2	4	20	20	14
Dynamo Berlin	12	6	1	5	16	12	13
Hansa Rostock	12	5	2	5	15	11	12
Vorwaerts Berlin	12	4	4	4	20	20	12
Chemie Halle	12	3	5	4	11	14	11
Sachsenring	12	5	1	6	20	25	11
Wismut Aue	12	5	0	7	16	20	10
Stahl Riesa	12	1	6	5	11	22	8
Chemie Leipzig	12	2	3	7	14	26	7
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	12	1	4	7	11	24	6

EIRE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cork Hibernians	9	5	4	0	14	5	14
Waterford	9	5	2	2	18	9	12
Sligo Rovers	9	4	3	2	21	20	11
Shelbourne	9	4	2	3	12	6	10
Bohemians	9	5	0	4	16	12	10
Athlone Town	9	4	2	3	13	10	10
Finn Harps	9	4	2	3	18	15	10
Cork Celtic	9	2	5	2	11	10	9
Dundalk	9	3	3	3	13	12	9
Limerick	9	3	2	4	12	15	8
Shamrock Rovers	9	2	3	4	15	21	7
Drogheda	9	2	2	5	7	16	6
St. Patrick's	9	2	1	6	14	21	5
Drumcondra	9	2	1	6	11	23	5

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Marseille	16	11	2	3	28	17	24
St. Etienne	16	10	4	2	28	17	24
Rennes	16	8	4	4	28	15	20
Metz	16	6	7	3	18	17	19
Nimes	16	7	4	5	29	21	18
Nantes	16	8	2	6	22	21	18
Sochaux	15	7	3	5	30	20	17
Nice	16	6	5	5	23	18	17
Reims	16	6	5	5	19	17	17
Ajaccio	16	7	2	7	23	24	16
Red Star Paris	16	6	4	6	24	27	16
Lyon	16	6	3	7	22	25	15
Nancy	16	5	5	6	19	24	15
Angouleme	16	5	5	6	16	24	15
Strasbourg	16	5	3	8	20	22	13
Sedan/RCP	16	5	2	9	22	30	12
Angers	15	5	1	9	25	36	11
Valenciennes	16	4	3	9	18	35	11
Bastia	16	4	3	9	18	35	11
Bordeaux	16	4	1	11	21	30	9

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
AEK	10	7	3	0	19	4	27
Panathinaikos	10	7	3	0	19	4	27
Panionios	10	6	3	1	20	12	25
Apollon	10	6	2	2	13	9	24
Iraklis	10	4	5	1	11	8	23
Ethnikos	10	3	5	2	14	8	21
Aris	10	4	3	3	13	9	21
Aigaleo	10	4	2	4	6	8	20
Olympiakos	10	4	1	5	9	6	19
Pierikos	10	2	5	3	10	14	19
PAOK	10	3	2	5	12	13	18
Veroia	10	3	2	5	11	20	18
OF Iraklion	10	2	4	4	8	17	18
Proodeftiki	10	2	3	5	10	16	17
Fostir	10	1	5	4	4	12	17
Kavala	10	1	4	5	6	9	16
Panserraikos	10	1	4	5	5	11	16
EPA Larnax	10	2	0	8	7	17	14

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
ADO den Haag	13	11	2	0	28	6	24
Sparta Rotterdam	13	9	3	1	21	8	21
Feyenoord	13	8	4	1	28	10	20
Twente	13	8	4	1	19	4	20
Ajax Amsterdam	13	8	3	2	28	9	19
PSV Eindhoven	13	8	2	3	22	8	18
NEC	13	5	4	4	20	13	14
Utrecht	13	6	2	5	20	23	14
Holland Sport	13	3	5	5	13	16	11
Go Ahead	13	4	3	6	11	16	11
MVV Maastricht	13	3	4	6	10	17	10
DWS Amsterdam	13	1	6	6	12	21	8
Haarlem	13	1	6	6	12	21	8
Telstar	13	2	4	7	15	26	8
Volendam	13	3	2	8	15	26	8
NAC	13	2	4	7	14	25	8
Excelsior	13	2	3	8	14	30	7
AZ'67 Alkmaar	13	0	4	9	7	30	4

HUNGARY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	B	Pts
Ujpest Dozsa	15	9	4	2	43	16	(8)	30
Vasas Budapest	15	10	1	4	35	14	(6)	27
Honved	15	8	3	4	29	15	(7)	26
Ferencvaros	15	7	4	4	23	13	(8)	26
MTK Budapest	15	6	7	2	27	19	(7)	26
Csepel	15	4	7	4	15	16	(6)	21
Diosgyor	15	6	4	5	17	28	(5)	21
Pecs Dozsa	15	4	7	4	17	16	(5)	20
Tatabanya	15	6	3	6	22	18	(4)	19
Salgotarjan	15	6	4	5	25	24	(2)	18
Videoton	15	4	7	4	12	15	(3)	18
Szombathely	15	5	3	7	22	29	(3)	16
Raba ETO Gyor	15	6	2	7	14	20	(1)	15
Komlo	15	3	4	8	17	28	(2)	12
Dunaujvaros	15	2	2	11	12	34	(4)	10
Szeged	15	2	2	11	9	34	(1)	7

Figures in brackets are bonus points gained from unofficial summer championship.

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Napoli	8	6	2	0	7	1	14
AC Milan	8	5	3	0	19	7	13
Bologna	8	3	5	0	11	5	11
Cagliari	8	4	3	1	15	9	11
Foggia	8	2	5	1	9	7	9
Roma	8	2	4	2	8	6	8
Juventus	8	3	2	3	6	6	8
Inter-Milan	8	3	2	3	11	13	8
Torino	8	1	6	1	6	7	8
Sampdoria	8	2	3	3	8	7	7
Varese	8	0	7	1	3	4	7
Verona	8	1	4	3	5	11	6
Catania	8	1	3	4	5	8	5
Lazio	8	0	5	3	7	13	5
Fiorentina	8	1	3	4	6	12	5
Vicenza	8	0	3	5	4	14	3

LUXEMBOURG

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Union Luxembourg	11	7	4	0	30	16	18
Rumelingen	11	6	2	3	20	14	14
Jeunesse Esch	11	5	4	2	22	16	14
Spora Luxembourg	11	4	4	3	21	11	12
Aris Bonneweg	11	5	2	4	21	16	12
Progres Niedercorn	11	5	2	4	26	24	12
Avenir Beggen	11	5	2	4	19	22	12
Red Boys Differdingen	11	5	1	5	23	21	11
Alliance Dudelingen	11	3	4	4	15	19	10
Tetingen	11	3	2	6	16	23	8
Stade Dudelingep	11	2	2	7	19	30	6
Grevenmacher	11	1	1	9	10	30	3

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Sporting	11	9	2	0	22	2	20
Academica	11	8	1	2	23	10	17
Setubal	11	8	0	3	28	7	16
Benfica	11	5	4	2	23	7	14
Farense	11	6	1	4	8	8	13
Porto	11	5	2	4	20	16	12
Varzim	11	4	3	5	12	17	10
CUF	11	4	1	6	16	17	9
Tirsense	11	3	3	5	11	23	9
Guimaraes	11	1	6	4	7	11	8
Boavista	11	3	2	6	10	26	8
Belenenses	11	2	3	6	6	13	7
Leixoes	11	2	3	6	7	23	7
Barreirense	11	0	4	7	9	22	4

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dinamo Bucharest	12	7	3	2	24	11	17
Rapid Bucharest	12	5	6	1	14	7	16
Petrolul	12	7	2	3	18	14	16
Politehnica	12	6	3	3	23	18	15
Farul	12	6	2	4	22	20	14
UT Arad	12	6	1	5	16	11	13
Uni. Craiova	12	5	3	4	9	11	13
Steagul rosu	12	5	3	4	8	10	13
Dinamo Bacau	12	6	0	6	20	15	12
Steaua	11	4	3	4	16	15	11
Uni. Cluj	12	4	2	6	13	15	10
Arges	12	3	4	5	14	17	10
CFR Cluj	12	4	2	6	15	22	10
Jiul	12	4	1	7	10	16	9
Progresul	12	2	3	6	7	13	7
CFR Timisoara	12	2	0	10	7	21	4

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Atletico Madrid	11	6	4	1	18	7	16
Barcelona	11	7	2	2	19	9	16
Valencia	11	6	3	2	14	6	15
Real Madrid	11	5	3	3	21	11	13
Real Sociedad	11	4	5	2	9	7	13
Sevilla	11	5	3	3	12	11	13
Celta Vigo	11	5	3	3	12	13	13
Atletico Bilbao	11	4	4	3	14	11	12
Granada	11	3	4	4	13	13	10
Gijon	11	4	2	5	14	19	10
Malaga	11	2	5	4	8	15	9
Sabadell	11	3	2	6	12	17	8
Espanol	11	2	4	5	5	10	8
Las Palmas	11	1	6	4	12	17	8
Elche	11	1	5	6	12	14	7
Real Saragossa	11	0	5	6	5	20	5

SWITZERLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Basel	13	8	4	1	34	15	20
Grasshoppers	13	9	2	2	29	12	20
Lugano	13	6	6	1	21	11	18
Lausanne	13	6	3	4	29	26	15
Zurich	13	6	3	4	23	22	15
Winterthur	13	6	2	5	18	20	14
Servette	13	3	6	4	21	21	12
Sion	13	4	4	5	19	19	12
Chaux-de-Fonds	13	4	4	5	21	22	12
Young Boys	13	4	3	6	22	28	11
Lucerne	13	4	2	7	22	24	10
Biel	13	2	5	6	14	21	9
Fribourg	13	2	4	7	13	29	8
Bellinzona	13	1	4	8	15	31	6

ARSENAL

Back row left to right: Wright (trainer), Bob McNab, Peter Storey, Peter Simpson, Geoff Barnett, Bob Wilson, John Roberts, Ray Kennedy, Peter Marinello, Don Howe (asst. manager). Front: Charlie George, John Radford, George Armstrong, Jon Sammels, Frank McLintock, Bertie Mee (manager), Pat Rice, Eddie Kelly, George Graham, Sammy Nelson.